

THE  
PLEASURES  
OF  
**Matrimony,**

Intermix'd with variety of Merry  
and Delightfull Stories.

CONTAINING  
The Charms and Contentments,  
of Wooing and Wedlock, in all its  
Enjoyments, Recreations, and Diver-  
tisements.

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The Second Edition.

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L O N D O N,

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Swan Tavern, near *Bride-lane*, in *Fleet-*  
*street*. 1689.

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LICENSED,

And Entered according to Order.



B<sup>⚔</sup>L

TO THE  
READERS,  
BOTH  
MALE and FEMALE.

**A**S I hope to be Knighted, it is not that I have more of Partiality, or Dissimulation toward the Men, than toward the Women; neither fond Affection, nor Bum-Bribery, has enduc'd me to these Expostulations, but out of mere Pity and Compassion, or rather out of a kind of Disgust, to see poor Matrimony run down, and loaded with such a vast Weight of Inconveniences, as would be enough to sink a First-Rate Frigate, as if they intended to alter the whole Course of Nature, or else to extinguish the whole Race of Mankind. Proflusion of Habit, Prodigality of Diet, the Waste of Visits, and the Consumption of Entertainments, all are attributed to Matrimony. Nay Hippolitus in Euripides is so enrag'd against the Female Sex, that he expostulates with Jupiter, why he did not find some other way to procreate Mankind, than by Creating of Women: For thus says he,

To the Readers, both

Oh Jupiter! what Cause of thy so cruel  
Hate,

That thou didst Woman thus for Man  
create?

If 'twere thy aim to propagate Man  
kind,

The Female way ought not t' have been  
design'd;

But Men into thy Temples should have  
brought

Or Brass, or Steel, or Gold more purely  
wrought:

These might st thou have transform'd,  
and then should we

Have liv'd in Peace; from Female Fury  
free.

*But when we consider the great Advantages Men have over Women, to plead their own Justifications; when we consider, that Women are not sent to School to be Buttock flaw'd into Latin, nor posted to the University to learn to chop Logick, they may scold for themselves indeed; but they shall never be able to wipe off the studied Scandals of malicious Eloquence. Nor are the Men ignorant of this Advantage of theirs, which makes 'em improve it to the highest, and that with so much Injustice and Partiality to themselves, as if they were Saints, and the Women Devils.*

*But*

## Male and Female.

But the poor Women must not be thus run down for want of a little Logick; rather let 'em bear up to the Bar of Chester; let 'em pluck up a good Heart, and retort upon their Male Adversaries the Calumnies which they would fix upon their Innocence.

One Man condemns Matrimony, because he has a Shrew to his Wife, which is only for want of Knowledge; for a Shrew is the best Woman in Nature, and makes a Man both a Poet and a Philosopher; a Combat between an Amazon with her Skimmer and Pot-lid, and the Knight of the Basting-Ladle, is a Theme for a second Homer: And then she makes a Man a Philosopher by exercising the noblest of his Vertues, his Patience. Another blames Wedlock for having a Slut; whereas Slutttery is but an Emblem of the simplicity of the Old World, before Pomp and Luxury came in Fashion. A Third banns Marriage, because he thinks himself a Cuckold; and yet there's not one in Five thousand that cares to be confin'd himself. Another says his Wife loves Brandy, and therefore storms at Matrimony; as if Bacchus were not as well Female as Male, and Women had not as much Right to Drink as Men: There's no Deceit in a Brimmer; and therefore let a Woman drink Brandy, and you shall always know the Secrets of her Heart. Upon these  
all

## To the Readers, &c.

and the like Grounds it is, that the Men have got a Trick to lay all the Weight and Burthen of their Fears, Jealousies, Discontents, Disquiets, their running in Debt, their Breaking, all upon the Women's Backs; and Matrimony too must be arraigned for their Sakes. But should we bring the Miscarriages of Men, and the Women's Failings, both to the Bar of Justice, and weigh them both one against the other, 'tis to be feared the Men's Scale would be so Heavy as that you could hardly lift it, and the Women's so light as scarcely to be felt. Now therefore I would have the Men be but so ingenuous, for the reparation of Injuries so long done the Female Sex, as to resign the Government of the World for a while into the Women's hands. I dare be bold to say, we should then have a general Peace: All Quarrels about Religion would be at an end; Gun-Smiths and Powder-Makers might go hang themselves; and then for Bawdy-Houses there would not be one left in the Nation; which would be a blessed Reformation: Therefore that the Men may see their Errours, we have here shew'd 'em their Defects: And for the Women, let 'em but justify themselves according to the Instructions here set down, and then Matrimony will sit Enthron'd with all her Pleasures round about her, freed from all the Calumnies and Reproaches thrown upon Her.

The



## The Introduction.

**T**Here is nothing more desired, nothing more coveted by both the Sexes of Men and Women, than Matrimony; it has been in high esteem among all Nations, from the beginning of the World. And this Desire it was that made *Cain* take such a tedious Journey into the Land of *Nod*, to get him a Wife; for there is a natural Propensity in Man to propagate and continue his kind. Now lest this Propensity should slacken in either Sex, Nature has furnished *Matrimony* with those concomitant and convenient Pleasures and Delights, which render it so Charming, that it is impossible to prevent the impetuosity of ardent Flame, and youthfull Desire. *Venus*, whom the Poets feign to be the Goddess of Pleasure, Capelles, Delight, and Carnal Procreation, was born out of the Genitals of *Calam*, snipt off by *Saturn* in a jealous Frolick, and thrown into the Sea, where she had her Birth without a Mother, from the Froth of those

Parts; which was done in Honour of Matrimony, to deifie Coition and natural Conjunction: Till that time they say that the whole Race of Fish was almost extinguished; but so soon as *Venus* had power over the Sea, then it was that Herrings and Mackrel began to encrease at that prodigious rate as now they do. She was cradl'd first in a Mother of Pearl-shell, to show that the Nuptial Sheets ought to be without defilement; she was also said to be born Laughing, for that Sweetness, chearfull Discourses, Smiles, and Caresses ought to be the Concomitants of Matrimony. Some say, indeed, that when she came to be Married she would now and then take up a Stone with her Ear; which is the Reason that Matrimony does not always succeed so happily as might be desired: Without doubt her Familiarity with *Adonis* was a spot to her Reputation, and her being taken in the Act with *Mars* was another stain to her Honour: But that she was the first Inventress of Whoring can never be, because it is apparent that there were many Women in the World before she was born: Besides, she was a Goddess of a haughty, revengefull Humour, and one that mortally hated a slight; inso much that when the *Lemni-*

an Women neglected the Sacrifices, which she look'd upon to be her due, she did something to 'em, that occasion'd such a rank smell and strong perfume from their Bodies, that their Husbands could not endure 'em ; thereupon the Men made a War with their Neighbours, and plunder'd all the Women out of their Enemies Country, to supply the Room of their all-to-be-*Affairida'd* Wives ; which put the Women into such a rage, that in one Night they killed all their Husbands, and their Captive Mistresses ; and least their Sons should revenge the Death of their Fathers when they came of Age they slew them too. This was a bad Example, which many Women are too apt to follow, and daily put in practice, if their Husbands fail their Expectations, and neglect to give them their due.

Now for these Reasons, and for some other, too long to enumerate, though Matrimony has been all along thus deif'd, though there be nothing more desired, and sought after by all Ages and Sexes, and though it have several Comforts and Complacencies in it, yet there is a general Clamour against it ; and there are others that condemn it, inveigh against it, and cry it down, as the only Occasion and Root of  
all

all the mischiefs, disturbances, and vexations, that perplex and plague Mankind, and render Life uncomfortable; insomuch that many Men choose to prefer a wanton, lawless, and lascivious Liberty, before honest and vertuous Matrimonial Confinement, to the unspeakable Consumption of lenitive Electuary, Venice Turpentine, Sarsaparilla, and Quick-silver, the ruine of their Bodies, the Mutilation of their noble Parts, and the overspreading production of Vermine-Mountebanks. And this it is that has engag'd us to publish these few Sheets, with a laudable Intention, to separate the Comforts from the Discomforts of Matrimony; thereby to recover reproached Wedlock from the Scandals thrown upon her, and to restore her to the good Opinion of her Adversaries.

Some then there are that say there are but Ten Comforts in Matrimony; others allow Fifteen, and that's the most: But for Discomforts, they swear they are not able to number 'em. They say, that if in every Age, all that have received prejudice from Matrimony should but open their Mouths together, there should be such a Din, that if any thing avail'd her it would be only this, that the rest would never be able to hear her Accusers. And for Confirmation

firmation of this, they tell us a Story of one Madam Pandora, that had a Box, and that when she open'd this Box, there flew out the Devil and all of Matrimonial Discomforts: But in regard these Upbraiders of *Matrimony* were no Fathers of the Church, therefore we are not lightly to give credit to their Authority.

If there are Fifteen Comforts in Matrimony, by'r Lady, there are enough, (for who would not Marry to enjoy Fifteen Comforts ? ) I wish we may make our words good, and find out Fifteen; for the ancient Philosophers counted Seven to be the number of Perfection; now in Fifteen there is twice Seven, two perfect Numbers, and one to spare; so that had Matrimony but Seven Comforts, it had the perfect Number of Comforts, which were sufficient; but Fifteen is a Number of Supererrogation, and therefore there can be nothing said against it. But now I think on't, there is one Comfort more, which has not been thought upon, which though it be not in Matrimony it self, yet it is so essential to Matrimony, that Wedlock cannot be without it, and always preceeds it, which is the Comfort of Wooing; which makes me think that if we should go about to romage for Matrimonial Comforts,



forts, we should find a great many more. But first let us see to make out these Sixteen, and then a Fig for *Pandora*, and her Box to boot.

### I. *The Comforts of Wooing.*

**A**LL Men that design Matrimony, must first pitch upon some Object of his Affections, which must be a living Person of the Female Sex: To which purpose when he considers his Youth, his Strength, his Vigour, Health, and Riches, it cannot be a small Comfort to him to find himself so qualify'd for such an important Enterprize. But if he be handsome withall, he has this additional satisfaction and confidence in himself, that there are more Maids than *Maukin*, and that the World being so wide as it is, if one will not, another must stoop to his easie Batteries.

Now then, what's the first thing to be done? — Why, in the first place the young Courtier trims himself in *Quarpo*, and, according to his degree, makes himself as fine as Thimble-man and Sempstrefs can make him; pays for his Cloaths, or goes upon Tick with his Taylor, and then 'tis no small Comfort to him that he can be trusted.

trusted. After that, he marches in his *Pontificalibus* to some eminent Church; there he stares, gapes, and looks about him, and instead of lending his Ears to the Minister, with all the content imaginable feeds his Eyes, gratifies and satiates his Fancy with variety of Objects, and picks out three or four which he thinks may prove for his turn.

This done, he finds out their several Habitations, makes diligent Enquiry after their Fortunes, at whose disposal they are, whether of Guardians, or Fathers, or Mothers, or both; whether closely kept in, or left to Freedom; and which way the most proper to make his Addresses; an Employment or rather spending of a young Man's time, than which there can be none more agreeable to exercise the mind and thoughts of an amorous Sprigal, who all this while believes himself wrapt up in his Mothers Smock, and thinks no Virgin able to withstand his brisk Assaults.

After this he takes his Friend to the Tavern, unbosoms his Amours, drinks her Health, and, Gad (quoth he) a pretty black Ey'd smirking Rogue — I would I had her in her Night-Cloths, — Whuh, Pox, (quoth his Friend) ne'er fear it, Boy, Were

— Were I in thy Condition, I'd make no more to carry her, than to drink off this Glass, — and so here's to her again. Thus is the young Lover in a pleasing Ecstasie, and ravished with his hopes, drinks on till he believes he has her in his Arms. What Hours of greater Bliss than these, while a Man's Senses shall be all the while, as it were, rapt up in such pleasing Dreams as will not let the least disquiet enter to annoy his Thoughts ?

The very beating his Brains to accomplish his Design are all along a pleasure to him ; for Lovers, like Warriors in pursuit of Victory, take delight in the toil and management of their Contrivances.

And perhaps by this time he has found the Maid to be his Mistresses Crony, and Cabinet Counsellour : Now there is no Father or Mother, Unkle or Aunt, that will deny a young Spark the first Visit when he comes, as they say, in the way of Honesty. In what a Rapture of Joy is he then upon his first Admittance ! one Kiss of Formality, a gracious Smile to his first Complement, recompenses an Age of future Powting and Lowting, should it so fall out. The Happiness of one Hour's first enjoyment of her Virgin-Company over-values the succeeding Curtain Lectures of her

her whole Life. The Comforts of Woo-  
 ing are so great, that I am apt to think,  
 if a Man were to woo once a Month, *Solon*  
 would have alter'd his Judgment, and  
 counted him the happiest Man in the World.  
 Then at his Departure he steals into the  
 Maids Hand the King's Picture, imprinted  
 upon a small round piece of Gold, which  
 begets such a Character of him in the Maids  
 Breast, that she extols him from Top to  
 Toe, praises the very Buckling of his Shoes,  
 as having something in it beyond the neat-  
 ness of other Men, and reads him all over  
 to her Mistress as the only Person fit to be  
 Entertained in her Affections; but above  
 all things forgets not to make particular  
 Observations upon the proportion of his  
 Nose. Within a day or two my Spark  
 goes again, at which time the officious  
 Maid is ready to conduct him up Stairs,  
 and by her Smiles and her Courtesies gives  
 him to understand that his yellow Phyfick  
 has wrought. If the Lady becoy, and keep  
 a formal distance, 'tis no more than what  
 he was rationally to expect; for it is not  
 yet seasonable to come bluntly to the Que-  
 stion; however he finds her complaisant,  
 and modestly civil, which enlivens him  
 with fresh Hopes, and inspires new Joys  
 into his Soul. Here happens a longer stay,  
 and

and more hours of Comfort and Consolation, worth a Bushel of *March Dust* ; so that the young Enamorato takes his leave with all the satisfaction in the World : yet not so forgetfull neither of his indulgent Solicitress, but that he drops another Cordial into her wary hand. *Cuds bodikins* (quoth she to her Mistress, within a day or two after) *where do you think I have bin this Morning ? I don't know,* (quoth the young Gentlewoman ; ) *Why, fackins, I have been with the Conjurer at Black-Friars Gate, ——— He's the rarest Man in the World, ——— I ask'd him whether such a Gentleman did court my Mistress or no ? ——— And he did but only cast his Eye in a great Book, and told me yes ; nay, he describ'd the Gentleman by his Cloths and his Hair, so exactly as if he had drawn his Picture, and told me he was the Person and no other that was ordain'd for you ——— for your better satisfaction, I would have you go to him your self, — 'tis but missing your Prayer time to morrow Morning and taking a trip to his Chamber.* This fires the young Gentlewoman, and away she trips from her Devotion to consult *Taurus*, and *Gemini*, concerning her Sweet-heart : And no wonder the Conjurer told her so right, when the Gypsie, her Maid,



Maid, had informed him before. However the young Gentlewoman comes home full fraught with Celestial Prognostication, and begins to settle Affection.

Now what greater Pleasure can a young Wooer have, than to understand, (for the Maid, if she be not a worse Devil than the Devil she went to, will be certain to give him Intelligence of these important Passages;) I say what greater pleasure can a young Wooer have, than to understand that his Mistress is so afraid of missing him, that she goes to the Devil's Secretary to consult the assurance of her Happiness?

Embolden'd therefore by these successes, the young Wooer begins now to think of settling a Correspondence, which his new purchas'd Friend, the Chamber-maid, is not only dextrous, but officiously ready to manage. Then he writes, and his Mistress answers; then he answers, and his Mistress writes again; and this begets more Rejoinders and Surrejoinders than a Chancery Sute. What though the Language be borrow'd on both sides? What though the softness and meltingness of the Expressions were not inspir'd by Nature, but taken out of the Academy of Complements,

or nimm'd out of *Cupid's* Cabinet, or purloin'd from other learned Authours, who have spent their time to furnish young Lovers with the Flowers of amorous Persuasion ? What if he meet with nothing but blots and blurs, and only the Resemblances of the Letters of the Alphabet ? What of all this ? He's the more certain 'tis her own hand, and it shews the more of a Female Politician ; for Mysteries and Secrets many times require to be shrouded in Characters ; so that if he can but pick out the meaning, and discover any thing of an amorous Complacency towards him, 'tis enough : Then what a surmounting Pleasure it's to him, to read it over and over again ? he kisses and buſſes it ; sim-pers and smiles to himself ; lifts up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven ; blesses and hugs himself with his own Arms, that were to be seen in these Transports of his amorous Passion ; there's no Body but would think him an Antick, or a Mad-man ; all the day long he believes himself in Paradise , and at Night laying the Letter, or rather *Billet Deux* upon his Pillow, falls into more pleasing Dreams than ever lull'd *Endymion* upon the Mountain *Ida*. What greater pleasures can a young Wooer wish for, unless it were the Enjoyment

ment it self ? but because that cannot be presently had, therefore the little winged Archer diverts his Fancy in these pleasing *Elysiums*, encircl'd with a thousand flattering Beatitudes.

But this is not all, presently fresh Intelligence comes, that his Mistress is to be such a Night at a great Dancing Bout at *Pin-makers-Hall, Wine-Office-Court* in *Fleet-street*, or let it be where it will ; Cuds-bobs, there's News indeed , it makes his Heart cut Capers for joy in his Belly, and a tickling Pleasure runs through every Vein of his Body ; so that when the time draws nigh , on go the Silk Stockings, the new Shoes, clean Ruffles, the long curling Peruke , and his Cap button'd up on one side : If a young Lawyer , he balks all his Clients ; if a young Shop-keeper, he leaves the Porter to shut up ; if a young Apprentice, he pretends an Appointment to receive Money , and then he dresses himself at the place where all his Gayety lies leagre. By and by to the Dancing-School he comes, as fine as a Lord, enters the Room, looks for his Mistress ; she is not there ; by and by she comes, — but then how he smirks and simpers ! VVhat would he have more, unless he were in Bed with her ? He is present with his Mistress, he has

has her by the Hand, the delight of his Soul, the joy of his Heart; he feels her Palm, he whirls her about in a Country Jigg; and by and by calls for a kissing Dance—Can any Man be so sottish as to think this is no pleasure to a young Wooer? Cudsfoot, he must needs have lost his Senses that thinks so. By and by he pretends to whisper under her Hood, and steals a kiss;—Nouns and Pronouns, do ye think that's no pleasure to a young Wooer? She sweats, and he wipes off the Pearls from her Nose with Hankerchief dipt in Essence of Oranges.——She sits down to rest her self, and he sits down by her, tells her a thousand pretty Stories, and squeezes her Hand all the while.——Then comes another young Lady, and takes the young Wooer out, as they call it; and then he has an opportunity to shew the roundness of his Calves, the neatness of his Feet, his handsome Shape, and nimble Limbs, for he Dances like any thing,——because his Mistress is in presence. Then he comes and sits down by his Mistress again, wipes his Face, and with his smiling Eyes seems to ask her, how she lik'd him: To which she, with a smiling Eye, and a blushing Cheek, seems to make answer and cry, mightily Well. Then a Gentleman takes his

his Mistress out, ——— and then is he blest with the most charming Sight in the World; ——— he admires her swimming Carriage, ——— the holding of her Petticoat bewitches him, and the Celestial Motion of her Buttocks transports him; but the bridling her Chin, and the ruddy Colour in her Cheeks, ravishes him up into the third Heaven. Then she comes and sits down by her sweet Swatterkin again, who seems to be transported with Joy, and tells her in her Ear, with I Protest, and I Vow, Madam, that she danced like an Angel: Then she wipes her Face, but putting her Handkerchief up in a careless manner, he takes an occasion to steal it from her, and conveys it into his own Coat-Rocket. Verily, if I don't believe, 'twas some Handkerchief Stealer that invented those Pockets, hang me, they are so very convenient. But then he thinks himself as rich as if he were Landlord of all the Mines in Peru; I'll warrant you, he would not part with that Handkerchief for all the Silver that was so lately recover'd out of the Sea; for this Handkerchief works Miracles too; it makes the young Wooer a Poet to a Miracle; though he never made Verses before, yet he sends her such a Copy



py upon the Stealing of her Handkerchief, that she never repents the losing it.

But now they take leave of the Company before the Meeting breaks up: Why so? because time wastes, and there's more to be done; for as they go down Stairs the young Wooer humbly beseeches his young Mistress to let him wait upon her to the Tavern; the young Maid seconds him with her persuasions; nor is the Mistress so obstinately refractory, but that she suffers her self in the conclusion to be over-rul'd by her Confident; so the young Wooer puts her into a Coach, and away they drive to the place appointed. And now he has her as safe as a Thief in a Mill; — now he may Vow, Protest, Swear, Lye, and say what he pleases; — now, if he be a well-bred Youth, and have got his Lesson by Heart, he talks of nothing but Lillies, Roses, Coral, Snow, Rain-bows, *Arabian* Perfumes, Amber, and Sna-Beams; — the Rhenish-Wine and Sugar inspire him; the Neats-Tongues prattle Complements between his Teeth; — Kisses serve instead of Grace before Meat; and Liberality displays it self upon the Table in stew'd Oysters, Anchovies, Lobsters, Tanseys, Tarts, and what not? according to the Time and Season of the Year.

Year. 'Tis well there's no more Company, and that their Bellies are not so big as so many Tuns of *Heidelberg*; for her Presence will admit of no pinching, there must nothing appear of the Miser in her sight, but all the Signs of Liberal, Noble, Gentile, Careless, Great, and what the Women call a handsome Spirit: For young Virgins, though never so niggardly themselves, love to observe Liberality and Profuseness in the choice, in hopes to have the benefit of pocketing up the overplus of their Husbands Expences another day. For the Devil's in some of your young Women, they look before 'em a great way, and are for laying up against a Rainy day, as soon as they have a man in their Eye.

But to return to our young Wooers Treatment, now you find him all in joy and pleasure, tasting the cherries of his Mistress's Lips, cropping the Lilies of her Hands, and receiving the *Arabian* perfumes of her Breath, to that degree, that you may well believe him to be in Heaven upon Earth. A' my word, beloved, this is a pleasure in Wooing, not to be slighted — 'tis somewhat costly you'll say —

What's that to the purpose? There was a Philosopher that gave above Five Hun-

dred pound for one Nights Lodging with a Curtezan ; if a Fool then Spend a Piece or two upon his Darling Mistress, his Honest, Chast, Vertuous Darling Mistress, is that such a piece of business ? Why there are some men that would give their backsides for such a happiness as this young Wooer may be thought to enjoy at such a Time.

Well, but now 'tis time to go home lest the Mother should be angry, for upon my word 'tis past ten a Clock : But the Devil helps that Devil of a Chamber-maid, for she had so order'd it before-hand, that they are both let in without knocking at the door, by the Cook-Wench, who is see'd to stand Sentinel and watch their coming home. Thus the door silently opening, in they slip, up they whip into their Chamber, undress in a trice, and come down in their Night-geer, as if they had been at home an hour or two before——Lord, where ha' you been, (quo the Mother)——Lord, Mother,——Lord, Mistress, both together cry they, we have been at home above this Hour——I did not hear ye come in, (quo the Mother)——No forsooth, (quo the Maid,——we came in just as Dick was shutting up the shop, and knocking in the Door-post.

Thus

is all well at home, and the young  
 turns to his Lodging the most sa-  
 y'd lover in the World; nor does his  
 pleasure at all diminish, because the Enjoy-  
 ment is past. His Mind and Conceit are so  
 full of his last Delights, that he seems to  
 get over the same thing every hour agen.  
 He Kisses her in Conceit, he Dances with  
 her in Conceit, he Drinks to her in Con-  
 ceit, he Talks to her in Conceit: Nay, his  
 very Dreams are still new Trances of Feli-  
 city. And when he hears the next Morn-  
 ing what a Trick the Maid put upon her  
 mistress, his Heart molds Kockle-Bread  
 at his Belly for joy.

Another has an Opportunity to cary his  
 mistress to *Bartholomew Fair* or *Southwark*.  
 Why, Pleasures of the same kind at-  
 tend both Parties, still Pig Treatments, and  
 Pork Treatments: He carries her to see  
 his Show, and that Show, and the Dan-  
 cing of the Ropes. He forgets not to carry  
 her to the *Royal-Oak-Lottery*, and to throw  
 away forty or fifty Shillings to learn her  
 the manner of the Game. Nay, and he  
 must let her see him Raffle too. 'Tis a  
 hard case if Fortune should be so unkind to  
 him, as not to let him present his Mistress  
 with a good piece of Plate, or a Looking-  
 glass in a Tortoise-Shell Frame. They'll be

his own again, when once they  
ried.

In Summer, if the weather be fair,  
attends her in the Forenoon to Church,  
the afternoon to *Islington*, where he spares  
for no cost in Bottle Ale, Stew'd Prunes  
Cakes, Tarts, and Gammons of Bacon.  
So that still, there's nothing but Pleasure  
and Plenty in Wooing. Nay, and if she  
require it, he must not scruple to borrow  
her a Pad-Nag, and a Side-Saddle, a Bay  
Gallop her to the Camp. For she that he  
(perhaps) to bring many Souldiers into the  
World, ought not to be ignorant what  
to be a Souldier. Perhaps she does it to  
his Obedience and Affection, and the  
Cuds-foot, a Denial would spoil all: For  
we must not deny, but that a young Wo-  
man may be a Wretched, Miserable, Deje-  
cted, Forlorn Creature. But then it may  
be either his own or Natures fault.  
When his Mistress looks upon him to be  
Fool, or Halfwitted-Fellow, a Niggard  
Close fitted, Narrow Soul'd Rascall; or  
she finds that he wants Money she dis-  
misses upon him for certain. Unless he  
have Money enough of her own, and  
young Raw-bones be handsome and Ro-  
manos'd; for then tho' he should happen  
be her Fathers Groom or his Butler,



ay chance to rake an Affection to him;  
and then he's sleepy again.

If the fault be Nature's, then perhaps he  
proves to be Blear-ey'd, Hunch-back'd, Bar-  
bare-legg'd, Tut-t-mouth'd, or the like :  
and then he is not so pleasing, unless his  
course gingle ; then she loves his Estate,  
not his Person ; then she Marries his For-  
tune, not the Man himself, proceeds war-  
rily, and trusts her Parents to make the  
a Bargain for her, and bids 'em be sure to get  
her a good Jointure, and to take care it be  
sure settled. However, 'tis a great pleasure  
to such a piece of Deformity, that he has  
an Estate to buy him a handsome proper  
Wife. 'Tis true, there are some Virgins  
that admire Men for their Wisdom, tho'  
they meet with it in a Case as ugly as *B.*  
*sop's* ; but they are but very few. You may  
lock 'em up all in a Closet no bigger than  
*Little-Ease*. We have romag'd History,  
and can light but upon one ; and this  
one single Phoenix fell so in Love with  
a great Philosopher, that she told her  
Parents she would kill her self, unless  
she might have him. The Father and Mo-  
ther were very loth to lose their Daugh-  
ter, and yet they were as loth to bestow  
her upon the Philosopher, because they  
knew him to be a needy, beggarly, poor  
B 3 Scholar,

his own again, when once they are married.

In Summer, if the weather be fair, he attends her in the Forenoon to Church, and in the afternoon to *Islington*, where he spends for no cost in Bottle Ale, Stew'd Prunes, Cakes, Tarts, and Gammons of Bacon. So that still, there's nothing but Pleasure and Plenty in Wooing. Nay, and if she require it, he must not scruple to borrow her a Pad-Nag, and a Side-Saddle, and to Gallop her to the Camp. For she that he (perhaps) to bring many Souldiers into the World, ought not to be ignorant what it is to be a Souldier. Perhaps she does it to show him his Obedience and Affection, and the more she Cuds-foot, a Denial would spoil all: For we must not deny, but that a young Woman may be a Wretched, Miserable, Dejected, Forlorn Creature. But then it may be either his own or Natures fault. When his Mistress looks upon him to be a Fool, or Halfwitted-Fellow, a Niggard, Close fist'd, Narrow Soul'd Rascall; or she finds that he wants Money she thrusts it upon him for certain. Unless he have Money enough of her own, and his young Raw bones be handsome and Rotten'd; for then tho' he should happen to be her Fathers Groom or his Butler,

may chance to take an Affection to him;  
and then he's happy again.

If the fault be Nature's, then perhaps he  
proves to be Blear-ey'd, Hunch-back'd, Ba-  
rr'd-legg'd, Tutt-mouth'd, or the like:  
and then he is not so pleasing, unless his  
wife gingle; then she loves his Estate,  
not his Person; then she Marries his For-  
tune, not the Man himself, proceeds wa-  
rily, and trusts her Parents to make the  
Bargain for her, and bids 'em be sure to get  
her a good Jointure, and to take care it be  
sure settled. However, 'tis a great pleasure  
to such a piece of Deformity, that he has  
an Estate to buy him a handsome proper  
Wife. 'Tis true, there are some Virgins  
that admire Men for their Wisdom, tho'  
they meet with it in a Case as ugly as *A-  
sop's*; but they are but very few. You may  
lock 'em up all in a Closet no bigger than  
*Little-Ease*. We have romag'd History,  
and can light but upon one; and this  
one single Phoenix fell so in Love with  
a great Philosopher, that she told her  
Parents she would kill her self, unless  
she might have him. The Father and Mo-  
ther were very loth to lose their Daugh-  
ter, and yet they were as loth to bestow  
her upon the Philosopher, because they  
knew him to be a needy, beggarly, poor

Scholar, tho' a man of great Wisdom and  
 very great Learning. Well, the Maid  
 wou'd have no denyal, she would have him take  
 or no body in the World. On the other  
 side, the Philosopher, to divert her Affection  
 on, threw off his Mantle, and turning to  
 the Maid; troth Mistress (quo he,) if you  
 will have me for your Husband, you must  
 take me with this Mountain upon my  
 Back, and these crooked Legs; and which  
 is worse, my left Hip and my left Arm  
 meet almost together. Then he shew'd  
 her his Staff and his Satchel wherein he car-  
 ry'd his Victuals, and bid her consider how  
 she lik'd his Estate; besides he let her  
 know, that he should never love a Wife  
 that would not live as Philosophically as  
 he did. But nothing would do, she would  
 be a Philosopher, or any thing rather than  
 go without him. Ay, quo' the Philosopher,  
 nay then Sweet-heart have at the by guess;  
 and so spreading his Cloak Philosophical-  
 ly upon the Ground; he put his Philoso-  
 phy in practice, in the presence of his  
 Wives Father and Mother, and several o-  
 ther of her Kindred. And when they  
 asked him what he was doing? He made  
 answer, *he was planting a Man.* This  
 Philosopher, if the Story be true; and I  
 have a very good Author for what I say;  
 you

you may be sure (say you) had eaten Shame,  
 and drunk after it. But that's your mi-  
 mistake; for he had shew'd her all his defects  
 she had, and now he was resolved to shew  
 what sort of Nuptial Bed she was to expect  
 of the Married him; so that there was no-  
 thing but plain dealing on the Philosopher's  
 side. And for the Virgin, she shew'd her  
 self to be a true self-denying Creature, and  
 that for Vertues sake, she could have been  
 contented to have been lain withal in the  
 way of Honesty, upon the bare Ground;  
 had her Philosopher so pleased. Truly I  
 could not omit this Story, thereby to teach  
 young Gentlemen this Philosophical way  
 of Kissing; and to let 'em understand how  
 much better it would be, when they carry  
 their Misses to the Tavern; to spread their  
 Camlet Cloaks, or their Bays Coats up-  
 on the Floor Philosophically, than to break  
 so many Leathern, and Turkey-work Chairs  
 as they do, to the great injury of the Man  
 of the House.

On the other side, if the Man be hand-  
 some, and well built, and the Woman  
 have a Wart upon her Back as big as the  
 top of a Chimny, Legs like your Serpen-  
 tine Pillars, a Splay Mouth, Red Hair, and  
 an Acorn-colour'd Skin, then you may be  
 sure there's Money i' the Case; and it may



be, 'tis all her Parents have : So that neither then is a young Wooer of such a piece of Natures Miscarriage without several Comforts and Consolations. The Sunshine of her Gold dazzles his Eyes, that he sees none of all her Deformities ; the weight of her Bags levels the Hillock at her Back ; the lustre of her Portion streightens her Legs ; and then all Men that love Gold must needs have a kindness for Goldy-LOCKS. By my Troth, when a Man has but a little to trust to, or that his Fortune runs low, 'tis time for him to look about him ; and therefore, when a Man in such a condition, hears of one of these Prizes, there's as much Pleasure in Court-ing such a Lane, Decripit Help at Need, as if she were one of the *Graces*. Besides, there are some Men not so Squeamish as others : There are some will no more keck at a Rich Girl, with her Eyes as Blood-shot as if her Eye-Brows had been Circumciz'd, than they would at the sight of a flaw'd piece of Elder. There was a Gentleman had Marry'd a Rich Heiress, and when he was to have gone to Bed to her, he was so Squeamish forsooth, that his Brother, a bold *Britann*, was forc'd to Consummate the Marriage : And this for no other Cause, but because she had Legs no bigger.

biggar than Gooie Quills, and was as crooked as a Semicircle. For to tell ye the truth she was stolen, and they fear'd a surprize, before they could get the business compleated.

But if she be a Rich Heiress, and not to be obtained without stealing, then all the pleasures of Wooing meet together. 'Tis no matter whether she be to be stolen from a Boarding-School, or from the Habitation of her Parents; 'tis the same thing: there must be a Confident within doors, and a Mistress *Gab-woman* without. Oh the Matron, with a Band-box of Hoods and Scarfs under her Arm, is a Parlous Creature. Then come the Comforts and Pleasures of Plots and Contrivances: For there is pleasure in danger, especially when a man comes off with Honour. The young Wooer comes to the Boarding-School, to see the young Ladies Dance, and there takes his first view. There love like Tinder takes Fire immediately; but he comes thither in publick no more. A *Billet doux* first intimates his Affection, and the young Lady that saw him a brisk, trim, proper, streight young Gallant, begins to think him not unworthy her kindness; besides that she is in the prime of her Age, buxom and high mett'd. Nor can she

long conceal the Commencements of her Amorous inclinations from her Confident; she adds Fuel to the Flame, hightens her Fancy, and inflames her desires; swears the Gentleman is worth no less than Eight hundred a year, and that she knows his Family, and where his Estate lies. On the other side, the young Wooer fills his Gilt Paper Pages with Vows, Oaths, and Protestations; tells her she shall ride in her Coach, and gives her fair hopes of being a Lady. Now in all these things, there is a strange pleasure and Titillation of the Fancy. At length the business is so brought about, that she gives him a private meeting, and then there's Kissing and Billing, redoubled Protestations, and Vows; he kneels at her Feet, and adores her as his Guardian Angel: In a word, he tells her such pleasing Stories, such deluding flammings (and who can deny the vast pleasure and that attends upon delusion,) that the young Lady is at length fully convinc'd, the business is concluded, to the unspeakable joy of the young Wooer. And now the Cabal have work enough to contrive which way to release the Female Prisoner. At length after many debates and serious Consultations, the night being pitch'd upon, down she is let in a Dust Basket,

Basket, from her Chamber Window, like a bundle of Feathers from an Upholsters Garret, and lights into the Arms of her dearly beloved, who, you may be sure, is carefully and diligently ready, with his Friends and his Horses, to mount and away. Good night Madam ; we shall see you no more, I'm sure, till you understand what's what. Now, what greater pleasure can there be to a young Lover than thus to succeed in an enterprize of so much difficulty.

But now, suppose the Wooer be a person of more sober years, drawing dry-foot after a rich Widow, why neither are these sort of Wooers, whether stale Batchellors, or Widowers, without their pleasures in *Wooing*. For as it is a pleasure to stand upon the Foil, and see the turnings and doubling of a Hare before the Hounds; with no less delight, does a cunning Widow-Wooer observe the Trick and Subtilties of a cunning Widow ; and with no less pleasure does he Study and Contrive, which way to countermine her. VVhich if it be so great in making his Approches only ; what must his satisfaction be, when he gains the Fort? Men take vast delight in Hunting and Fishing, that little care for the Game when 'tis caught. Such

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is the Sport of VVidow-courting, where the heat of Youth being over, the pleasure lies in Conquest, more than in future Enjoyment. Men have been Trick'd 'tis true, when they have seen suborn'd Tenants, in Country Habits, bring in full Baggs at one door, but not seen 'em carry it out at another; and there was but little Comfort in that, when the Plot took effect. But if a man discovers the plot, then he is no less pleased with the subtilty of his VVit, and the good Issue of his Sagacity. Besides, there is a particular pleasure in courting a VVidow, because he knows what he must trust to, as having had a true Relation before hand of her carriage to her first Husband. There is also another pleasure in courting a VVidow, that a man talks and discourses with a Person that understands Trap. And thus, it is a pleasure for a man to talk with an Artist, in a Science which he understands himself; whereas it is the most tiresome thing in the VVorld for a man of Learning, to converse with an Ignorant Simpleton. Think you it is not a very great pleasure to a sober man, to find that he is like to have a *Saint* for his VVife? And certainly such must that same Widow be, that is such a daily hanter of Morning Prayers, and observes her

hours

ours as punctually as a *Quintidian* *Ague*,  
 and saves the Sexton, I know not what  
 a Brooms, by sweeping the Church with  
 the long Tail of her Gown. Another  
 pleasure it is, that a Man will have a  
 knowing experienced Woman; one that  
 will be able to instruct him, if he be igno-  
 rant himself. Nor will it be his ill Fortune  
 to go to Bed the first Night, with his  
 Brains full of Anxious and disquieting  
 Thoughts, for fear he should not find his  
 Wife what he took her to be, a Maid. In  
 a word, Wooing is the most pleasing Pas-  
 time in the World; it affords pleasure  
 and satisfaction to Men of all sizes and de-  
 grees: It procures a Cessation of world-  
 ly cares, and a Truce from business all the  
 while, though strange to tell, a Man is then  
 about the most serious business of his whole  
 Life. Though it last a year, 'tis all the  
 time Holy-day. The Divine cannot Stu-  
 dy all that Season, all that while 'tis im-  
 possible for him to Preach, or if he do, he  
 talks beside the Cushion. And yet he has  
 an Advantage, now I think on't, above all  
 other Arts and Sciences; for he may Court  
 his Mistress out of the *Cantricles*, if he plea-  
 ses; provided she be but aware of it before  
 hand.

The Physician Doats, and forgets  
 Patients. The Lawyer takes hold of  
 Opportunity, and dispatches his Business  
 in a long Vacation. The Soldier la-  
 cuses Siege in the Winter. But let it be  
 Vacation, or Term time, Winter, or Sum-  
 mer, if the Business hang, and Love be in-  
 fortunate, the Lawyer's never to be found  
 and the Soldiers Deaf to the Call of the  
 Drum. You may as soon haul him to the  
 Gallows, as to the General Rendezvouze.  
*Multa cadunt inter poculum*, they cry, there's  
 nothing certain till the Knot is ty'd.

The Merchant leaves word at the  
 Change, he's gon a Wooing; at least he  
 had as good have done so; for Wooing  
 time is such a Christian-like Season, that  
 it abstracts a Mans Thoughts from doating  
 upon all other Affairs of this World. The  
 Infatuated Countryman is in a Wood, and  
 leaves his Plough, Harrow, Sickle, all for  
 Love of *Amaryllis*. The Intoxicated Trades-  
 man cannot stay in his Shop for attending  
 upon his Mistress. Nay, the very Prentice  
 too, that Courts in Hugger-mugger, is so  
 Bewitch'd with *Cicely's* black Eyes, that he  
 will venture the Forfeiture of his Inden-  
 tures to Dialogue with his Soul's Delight.  
 So violent are the pleasures of Wooing a-  
 bove all the Pleasures in the World. And  
 therefore

Therefore in former times *Cupid* is said by  
the Poets to have robb'd the Gods them-  
selves of their Arms.

*Phoebus his Quiver, Jove his Thunder  
misses.*

*His Carriot Mars, and Helmet pawns for  
Kisses.*

*Jove's Son laid down his Club for Nancy-  
Cock,*

*And Neptune's Trident yields to Holland  
Smock,*

*The Chaste Diana will not go a Hunt-  
ing*

*At the Hour appointed when to meet her  
Bunting.*

Or thus,

*The Wooing Gods as Cupid yield their  
Arms,*

*How can weak Mortals (think ye) scape  
his Charms?*



II. *The Match concluded, and the Wedding kept, with all the Pomp, and Splendor that accompanies it, and the various Discourses thereupon.*

**M**EN are generally proud of Conquest and Glory in Victory. And therefore they that have been long a Wooing, to shew that at length they have by the force of Irresistable Gold, or the Charms of their Diligence and soft Language, or the Allurements of shape and proportion, or by some other cunning Contrivances, let them be what they will, obtain'd a Compleat Conquest, they are resolved to make a Publick and a Splendid Wedding.

Who shall now express the unexpressible joy of this same Constant Wooer, when he hears the blessed word of Consent dropt from the Coral Lips of his alluring Mistress? Whatever he is doing, whatever transacting, still his Heart and his Thoughts are at his Mistresses Lodging. All the while he is from thence, he is like a Diver for Pearl, that lives a while out of his Element, but is forced to be drawn up again to recover Breath; in the same manner the Victorious Wooer is forc'd, whatever his Business be abroad, to make quick

quick returns back again, for fear of being utterly Confounded through the loss of his Heart and his Brains. Besides there are several fore-running pleasures that will not now suffer him to be absent a Minute from her by his good will. For now he has free access; he may Kiss and play above board as much as he pleases; only there's a little shame and fear which cannot be forgotten; because they have not been as yet at the Church. However I would not have him yet awhile be so careless of his Heart and his Brains; for there are several things to be done, wherein he will find the assistance of his Heart and his Brains to be very usefull, and in which they will have great share of the Pleasure.

Precedent to which, it must needs be a very great pleasure to the young Lover, to see himself now the only welcome Guest to the House, where but a little before, every Body look'd askew upon him. The Graver sort receive him kindly, the Younger sort familiarly, so that he is become one of the Family already. And it cannot choose but be a wonderfull pleasure to him to hear every Body commend his choice, and telling him withall, what a Vertuous, Carefull, Diligent, Kind disposition'd Wife he

he is like to have. For you must know that after the business came to be noised broad, the house is never empty of one or other in hopes to be invited to the Wedding.

All this while the Plasterer, Joiner and Painter are at work at the Sweetheart's own House, to new furbish the Shop, the Bed-Chamber and Dining Room; to repair the Wainscot, and Varnish the Stair-case and Chimney-piece. And lest any thing should be a-miss, he brings home his Darling to direct the Work-men, and to see that all things be done according to her mind. While she is there the Upholsterer is also sent for to measure the Room, and to contrive the standing of the Bed-stead. And at the same time she orders what Hangings she will have; bids him bring her Pattern for the Curtains and Vallans, referring the rest till she comes to his Shop her self. Nor must she go empty away, neither there's a Treatment attends her; out come the Silver Tankard, two Bottles of White Wine, a Plate of Sugar, with a Silver Spoon, the best Pewter Dish in his Kitchen, and four cold Chicken, with an excuse for Batchellors fare; but hoping with all that things will be better when she comes to have the management of Affairs.

Upon

Upon which she gives him a gracious smile, and he remains the most satisfy'd person in the world: Certainly no man can think but that there must be a great deal of pleasure in all this

Then he carries her home again, where they are both stay'd for, by Mrs. *Prattle-prattle*, and Mrs. *Twittle-Twattle*, who long to see Mr *Bridegroom* Elest; that they may be able to spend their Judgments, as they walk home together. Well—and when's the day, crys one; when's the day, crys another. Laud ——— if I was so near it, crys a third; I should never be at rest, till the business were over: Not so fast (quo the Mother,) I don't intend to marry my daughter in hugger-mugger ——— I'll have her marry'd like my Child ——— not among the Rabble at the *Minories* ——— but with a Licence, beshrew my Heart, yet not at our own Parish Church neither ——— for that's too near to make any show as we ride along. Truly Madam, cry's Mrs *Prattle-prattle*, you do very well ——— I like none of your stolen Weddings, not I ——— For it may so happen that the Parson may dye, before I may think of getting of a Certificate ——— and then if my husband and I should fall out, and he should deny me to be his Wife, in what a pickle must I be?

No

No, no, Madam, you act prudently, make a publick wedding, and then all will be safe, according to the proverb, *fast bind, fast find,*

Then the young Gentleman takes upon him to call the Maid, for he has in a manner two homes for the present; and bids her bring a Bottle of Sack, Straight up comes the Maid with a Bottle, a clean Glass and a Diaper Napkin, and the Mother drinks to Mrs *Prattle-prattle*; Mrs. *Prattle-prattle* presents her service to the young Gentleman, and wishing him all happiness; holds up her Dagger hand, and Tosses all up, The Gentleman drinks to Mrs *Twattle-Twattle*, and Mrs *Twattle-Twattle* Curchees to the young Lady, commends her choice, wishes her self a Widow, that she may choofe for her too; and then takes off her Liquor: for the young Lady she only sippes, and sets down the *Glass*. Now methinks, these are very pretty pass-times for a young Man— Hang Shop-keeping for five or six Months. — The Portion will pay for loss of time, 'tis a hard Bargain else.

But Heavens bless us! there's a great deal more pleasure yet to come. For the young Man must still continue his visits, as a duty incumbent: he must visit her the next day, and the next, and the next, and the



The next, nay I know not how many nexts: But that's not a Straw matter, for every next day has still new pleasures attending it. Nay it may so happen, that the very next day, he's no sooner popp'd in a doors, but he sees several Bags of Money up Stairs, call'd in from the Scrivener to pay his Wives Portion: Cuds foot, that's a pleasure indeed. Then he runs up Stairs into his Mistresses Chamber, kisses her and smuggles her again and again; and asks her what Service she has to command him that day? Perhaps he finds her a Bed, and then he kisses her a Bed, and that's another pleasure; she bids him goe into the Kitchen, and she'll come to him presently——So away he goes, and provides her a Mornings draught against she comes down. Presently down she comes; and the Mother, and Daughter, and he, drink all three together. For the Father is a man of business, and leaves all to the discretion of his sober Wife.

Now I'll say that for this Lady, and a Figg for her, she did not, to try his Obedience, enjoyn him a tedious Journey into *France*, for new Modes, and new Fashion'd Stuffs———she did not send him Galloping about the Country, for impossible dainties against her Wedding Dinner; nor

nor did she capitulate with him for Superiority; nor did she aim at it, that I ever heard of, like the *Northern Lady*, though she went without it, because she met with her Match. There was a certain Northern Knight, who being young, brave, brisk, and Heir to his Father, had several Matches proposed to him. Among the rest he had the offer of two Sisters. What their Portions? (quoth he,) So——(quoth they.) What their Conditions? Why truly, the Eldest was of a disposition very haughty, and imperious, but very handsome; the younger mild and gentle, but otherwise indifferent. Gad, (quoth he) if any of the two, the Eldest and the handsomest, let her be the Devil. Away he rides, sees her, likes her, courts her, and concludes the Match. But, Madam, (quoth he) before we go to Church, there is one agreement to be made between us. I understand your Humour, and therefore pray, Madam, let us be at a certainty: Will you Reign Lady Paramount the first year, and obey me all the rest of your life? or shall I command the first year, & all my days afterward be your Vassal? The young Fire-drake believing that if she got the start of him the first year, she should easily rule the roast all the rest of her Time, made answer, she would be

the Empress the first year——Content, (quoth the Knight) *and so they to for better for worse,* and were Marry'd. But she had better have chosen the last Proposition. For it cost her three of her Teeth, for thinking to Exercise her Authority after her time was expir'd. 'Tis true, the Lady play'd the Devil with two sticks during her year, but the Knight had the pleasure all the while to think how he should nick her when it came to his turn. And so he did with a vengeance, and made her one of the most obedient Wives afterwards in all the whole County; and that was another pleasure to him as long as he liv'd.

But this Lady did not lay any such imperious Impositions upon her design'd Husband. She only sent him for Patterns of Silks, Gold and Silver Laces and Ribbands, or else order'd him to attend her to *Pater-noster-row*, and the *Exchange*, to make her own Choice; which was all the while a pleasure to him to be always in his Mistress's presence, and to find how fond she was of him, that she could not endure him out of her sight.

Well——and when they came home again, was it not a great pleasure to be ask'd his Advice, which Stuff, or which Lace, he lik'd best? And when he brings her the Patterns

( 40 )  
Patterns of his Cloath and his Buttons, and asks her which she likes best? After that he carries her abroad to help him buy his Cravats and his Linen: And at last, he likes what she buys, and she likes what he chuses, and so there's an unanimous Consent and Harmony between them, which of necessity must be the greatest pleasure imaginable. You cannot imagine what a pleasure some men take in spending their Money to little purpose; but if they take a delight in so doing, they have the pleasure of it, and what's that to any Body.

After this she gives him the Name of her intended Bride-Maids, and what other young Gentlewomen she will have at the Wedding. On the other side, he gives her the Names of his Bride-Men, and a list of what Friends he desires to grace the Solemnity. For (quoth he) there will be Dancing, and 'tis fit the Number of Males and Females should be equal, lest any of the Gentlewomen should take Pepper i'th' Nose for being forc'd to sit still for want of Company. 'Tis very true, (quoth she) and I believe it will be taken the more kindly, if you go about and invite them your self. Here is no Compulsion, but still the pleasure of obeying the gentle Commands of a Complaisant Mistress; the pleasure

fore of appearing trim to his own and his  
Mistresses Friends, and the pleasure of  
carrying them the News of his approach-  
ing happiness.

Well—away he trots, and methinks I  
see him trip so lightly, and with so much  
pleasure and gaiety in his Countenance,  
that I cannot but severely blame the Disin-  
genuity of those that scandalize this plea-  
sing Labour, as a Drudgery, and wearing  
out of Shooe-leather. As if a Man could  
think it a trouble, or grudge a little pains  
to gratifie the Requests of a kind Mistress.  
Some cry out, he may thence conjecture, if  
he be not a Fool, what he must trust to  
hereafter. But I say there's no such dread-  
ful Consequence. For the *Penny Post* will  
serve at other times; but upon such a seri-  
ous occasion as this, 'tis fit the young Gen-  
tleman should do his own Errands himself.  
Besides that, if the Portion be a good round  
Sum, I think he's well paid for his pains.

You may be sure he does not go for the  
Taylor nor the Sempstress, they come with  
a Whistle; a Porter will fetch them with  
a Vengeance. And here's another plea-  
sure attends him, to find so many People  
of all Trades courting his Custom, and to  
observe the discretion & prudent Thrift of  
his Mistress in driving her Bargains with



every one. A certain sign of a saving Wife and a plain Demonstration that she's no Fool to be chous'd of her Money, which cannot choose but be a great pleasure to him.

Within three or four days the Taylor brings home the Wedding Cloaths; at what time the young Lady tries them on. Heavens! What a sight is there? The young *Inamorato* is surpriz'd to behold her, tho' but in half her Splendour; he scarce can think her to be a Mortal Creature, and blesses himself that he does not live in the time when the Heathenish Gods were such Whore-Masters as they were. Hold a blow, *Jupiter*, quo he to himself, your Dancing Days are done, thanks to my good Stars; else certainly such an *Europa* as this could ne'r have escap'd your Celestial Embraces, and I had been the unhappiest person in the World. But the Gown being on; several faults are found by the Spectators: Here is a Pleight laid amiss; or it sits too full i' the Shoulders and makes her look Hunch-back'd; or it is too big in the Waste: for you must know the Lady's naturally so slender you may span her with both hands; but the confounded Bungler of a Taylor would need be sowing in Bolsters a little above her

left

left Hip to hide Deformities where there were none. This puts the young Gentlewoman into a kind of a Fret, which causes the young Gentleman to break forth into a kind of a Passion—Cuds-foot, quo he to the Taylor, Where were your Eyes? To which the Taylor pleading, that the Bolster was no bigger than a Wall-nut, and that most Ladies went in a little more or less in that part,——Pox take your Wall-nuts, quo the young Hector, does this Lady look as if she wanted Wall-nuts in her sides: Pray take out your Wall-nuts again, and do your Work as you should do Workman-like, or I'll make you stay for your Money till next years Wall-nuts are Ripe. With that the Cloaths are pull'd off again, and they fall to measuring the Lace, and find wanting from the Petticoat, a Yard and a half, and about two Yards from the Skirt of the Gown. This puts the Lady in a Dumps: the Gentleman to please her, talks of nothing but entring his Action, and swears he'll spend the worth of the Gown but he'll make poor Prick-Louse an example. But the Taylor telling them he had the rest at home, only he forgot to bring it, all's well again.

Now this is the only vexation, let malicious people say what they can, that ever I could find attended a young Wooer before Marriage. However it begets another new pleasure, far exceeding the former disturbance. For the young Wooer cannot but be highly pleas'd, to find an occasion given to shew his zeal to his Mistress, and his readiness to revenge the injury done her, by the Son of a Whorem Taylor; and to shew her likewise, that he could contain his Anger within the bounds of Moderation. For some young Gentlemen would have cut the Taylor's Ears off, and sung the Wedding Cloaths to the Fire. But what would the young Lady have said then? This Gentleman's too hot for me; if he throw my Cloaths into the Fire already, what will he do when he has me? I'll recoil in time. Therefore the young Gentleman did prudently, and he that acts prudently, must always be pleas'd with what he does, because he finds the good Effects of it.

'Tis true there is a little Contention and petty brangling sometime between the intended Bride-Maids, about dressing up the Bridal Bed: But that's the greatest pleasure in the World to behold; while the young Wooer observes the care of his

Friend

Friends, that all things within their management, be done for the best, to the removing all occasions of censure and Twittles twattle. For suppose one of the Bride-maids should be for Yellow Ribbands, and carry it: Fie, cries one, what Colour is here? I never saw a Bridal Bed dress'd up with the Emblem of Jealousie before. Then Fneillemore is propounded: A Land — Sisters, cries the t'other Bride-maid; that's more ridiculous by half, to prank up a Nuptial Bed with *Fading Love*. I am for *True Blew*; that signifies *Constancy*, and *Green* denotes *Youth*; put 'em both together, and theres *Youthfull Constancy*: Or else i' my Conscience, now I have it; what think you of *Blew and Black*? that signifies *Constancy till Death*. Shaw waw, Sister, cries t'other Bride-maid, those Colours will never match: Besides, *Green*'s a *Melancholy* Colour; nay, I have heard of *Green* Colour too, and that's the worst Colour of all! Fie, fie, I don't like *Green* by no means: But the other replying, that she meant *Grass-green*, which signifies *Youth and Jollity*, the t'other was contented that Colour should stand for one; with which, when the younger Bride-maid propounded to mix all *Violet*: *Violet*! quoth the Elder, that's as Extravagant, for *Violet* signifies *Religion*:

Now I'd fain know what young Married people have to do with *Religion* a Bed. At last they concluded to mingle a Gold Tissue with the *Grass-green*, and so that share was char'd.

But the strife was much greater about the choice of the Favours; upon which there arose a very great dispute. Thereupon a Millener is sent for to be of the Cabal, and give his Advice. The Bride herself proposes *Blew*, *Gold Colour*, *Poppingay-Green*, and *Limon Colour*; which is also highly applauded by the Bridegroom, out of a generous condescension to please her in all things, but the Millener objected against *Gold Colour*, as signifying *Avarice*, and *Poppingay-Green*, as denoting *Wantonness*. Marry, I don't like your Exception against *Poppingay Green*, quoth the Elder Bride-maid: For *Wantonness* is as natural to new marry'd People, as to young Kittens—I would not give a Farthing for a young Husband that would not be *Wanton*; nay as *Wanton* as a young Colt: And therefore my opinion is, that *Poppingay-Green*, as a Colour that gives good Instruction to young married people, is not to be left out. As for the *Gold Colour* indeed if it signifie *Avarice*, away with it; for I hate a Covetous Husband. Well, but since



Since there is such variety in Colours; quo  
 the Younger Bride-maid, let me propose  
 a mixture: What think ye of *Flame Co-*  
*lour, Flesh Colour, Willow and Milk-White?*  
 As for *Flame Colour*, quo the Millener, you  
 have hit upon't extreamly well; for it sig-  
 nifies *Beauty and Desire*: but *Flesh Colour*,  
 signifies *Lasciviousness*, and *Willow, Forsa-*  
*ken*. Away with those two last Colours,  
 quo the Elder Bride-maid—Cuds-foot, tho'  
 I love *Wantonness*, I hate *Lasciviousness*—  
 And then again, it would be a rudeness to  
 give *Forsaken*, to so many young Ladies  
 and Gentlemen, in the prime of their years.  
 Keep the *White* then, and the *Flame Colour*,  
 and put in *Red* and *Sea-Green*. The *Red*  
 is well enough, quo the Millener, for it  
 signifies *Justice*; but *Sea-Green* signifies *In-*  
*constancy*: Let the *Sea Green* serve, (quo  
 the younger Bride-maid) for the *Top knots*;  
 it may become some Women well enough.  
 But for the *Red*, I hold it extraordinary sig-  
 nificant for our purpose. For if a young  
 man Marry a young Woman, and don't  
 do her *Justice*, he ought to be casheer'd out  
 of the Society of Women. Let me see—  
*Red* shall stand—and what think ye  
 then of adding to it, *Maidens-Blush, Carna-*  
*tion*, and *Peach Colour*? As for *Peach Co-*  
*lour*, Madam, (quo the Millener) 'tis well  
 C 4 thought

thought of——but for *Maidens-Blush*, it signifies *Envy*, and *Carnation Deceit*; which indeed might be proper enough, if the person to be Marry'd were a Widow, but for young Virgins, that are not arriv'd at those qualities that raign in Riper years; I think with submission they are not so convenient. Come, come, (quo the Elder Bride-maid) keep the *Maidens-Blush* out of the Brides *Top-knot*, and I think we may wear it without offence: For I fear the best of us all, will envy her in some measure, for being Married before us. Sister (quo the younger Bride-maid,) I am afraid we shall never hit it, and therefore we were better refer it to the Millener himself. The Millener therefore being request-ed to shew his skill, propos'd for the Favours, *Blew, Red Peach Colour, & Orange Tawny*; For the young Ladies *Topknots*, *Flame Colour, Straw Colour*, signifying *Plenty*, *Peach Colour, Grass-Green* and *Milk White*; and for the *Garter*, a perfect *Yellow* signifying *Honour and Joy*, and so the debate ended.

Now, do you think it was not a great pleasure to hear all these Learned discourses upon the various significations of Colours? Do you think it was not a great Pleasure to him, to think that the people should read the Ingenuity of his Bride,

(for

(for all will be thought to be her contrivance) in the very Hats of her Attendants? and discover the Innocence, the Love, the Hopes, the Fertility, and Conjugal Desires of his Youthful choice in her very *Top-knots*: Hang me if I know what ye call pleasures of Wooing, if you deny these to be pleasures.

Now help me, O ye Nine, *Polyhymne, Melpomene, Clio*, and the rest of the *Heli-coman* Gang—yet, why do I invoke a Company of stale Wenches, that were never Married i<sup>n</sup> their Lives? rather assist me *Venus, Hymen, and Apollo*, to declare those unutterable pleasures that are to ensue: For now the Sun with early beams begins to gild the happy Morning, appointed for the publick Ceremony. Up starts the watchful Bridegroom, to dress himself in all his gaudy Trim. The Bride-maids, that had no time to sleep for washing of their Silver Necks, and pranking up themselves, ready betimes, make haste to the Brides Chamber; where they find her Wash'd and Bath'd, breathing nothing but Essence of Oranges and Jessamine; her fine lac'd *Holland* Smock newly put on, ready for their Virgin diligence. Straight all hands to work; first this, then that, then another fine Gewgaw; till at length

attir'd in all her Glory, she ceases to be Mortal, and appears all Angel. Presently whirl'd in his Coach, comes the Bridegroom, perfuming all the House with his *Roman* Gloves; asks for the Bride, and going up into her Chamber, with a submissive Knee, adores his Deity, kisses the Lilies of her Hand, sips Nectar from her Lips for his mornings draught, and then conducts her down into the Room of State, where both prepared stand to welcome their Invited Guests, that drop in as it were all, together with unanimous Watches in their Pockets, so careful were they to observe the hour.

Thus all things ready, all in comely Order, they take *Coach*, environ'd with a throng of Starers and Gapers, that will hardly permit the Horse to go along. There's a pretty Couple, cries one—there's a curious Couple cries another—there will be sweet work at night, cries a Third—The Shops are all full of Night-rails—and what Wedding's this? and whose Wedding's this? The Rabble runs wondering, and the Dogs run barking; but the City Marshal riding before, keeps all off, till the Church doors are shut.

After a short stay, out they come again; at what time the Beggars give

give him Joy ; and then the Bridegroom , for the Grandeur of the Business, throws 'em a small handful of Single Money, and sets 'em all a Scrambling. So taking Coach again, they all return home as they came, or else to some Hall, with the same Rabble at their Heels as attended them to Church. Now it is a pleasure to be attended by the Rabble ; 'tis a Mark of Greatness; Great Men count it a great Happiness to be Popular. You see the Bridegroom was resolv'd to make a shew ; should the Rabble then have been fullen, and not come forth to have seen it, all his Money had been thrown away, and he had lost the pleasure of his Expence. But the Rabble were kind, and gratify'd his Expectations, which in my opinion, could not but be an undoubted Pleasure to any Man that thinks it a pleasure to make a shew of himself.

Now you must suppose the Father and the Mother, the Bride, and the Bridegroom, to be all in a great Hall, or a great Room all together, in expectation of a great Dinner. The Guests are all to salute the Bride, and the Bridegroom is to Salute all the Young Gentlemen. And I think there's a great deal of Pleasure in that too : I dare say,

were



were he to lie with 'em all at Night, he'd find less Pleasure in that, than in Kissing 'em all at Noon. Nor is there less pleasure in receiving the kind Wishes of Happiness and Prosperity, whole Bushels and Sacks full from such a Glorious Assembly. They remember his Father was no Retailer of a Tradesman, and therefore they pour their Benedictions upon him by Whole-sale. Nor is the Bridegroom a Clown—Come, Gentlemen, quoth he, What do ye think of a Whet before Dinner; 'tis the Fashion now adays; from the Church to the Tavern. With that he begins a Bumper, and sees it go round, more especially among the Men; for the Women are spar'd as the Weaker Vessels. There are two Bride-Maids, and therefore he begins no other Glass; and when that has gone round, is just laying his Hand upon a third, but his Bride desires him not to Drink too much before Dinner, for fear of spoiling his Stomach.

But what? Is there no Discourse among 'em? Little to the purpose as yet—that's all to come—People never begin to Talk you know, till their Belly's are half full—Hark—What's the matter now? The Shaumes, the Shaumes—Dinner's coming.

coming up — and by and by the Dishes  
are Marshall'd with as much formality as  
at a Lord Mayor's Feast. At what time,  
the Knot-knitter having said Grace, they  
all take their places according to their Pa-  
rents degree in the Parish; the Alderman's  
Son above the Common-Council Man's;  
the Common-Council Man's above the  
Church Wardens, and so forth; the Bride-  
groom at the lower end of the Table:  
They are so exact, there need's no Herauld  
to place 'em: And so fall on, Gentle-  
men.

I shall not need to tell ye, Gentlemen,  
what pleasure a Bridegroom may take in  
eating; you all know it well enough; but  
it cannot choose but be a great pleasure to  
see all the Table Address their Glasses first  
to his Bride and then to him, for this a Mi-  
raculous Mark of their respect to him and  
his Bride: Upon which, there attends ano-  
ther very great pleasure to the Bridegroom  
if he can but keep himself sober till he  
goes to Bed. I will not say there passes  
much Discourse during the first Course;  
the second produces more; for toward the  
end of that, a Grave Gentleman, with a  
Jolly Red Nose, the Brides Father's Cro-  
ney, and Fellow Clubber at the Tavern

for

for his Evenings Draught, begins an Harangue in praise of Marriage. He tells the Company, That Marriage was first instituted in Paradise. At which the Religious young Men all pull off their Hats. He tells 'em that Marriage is that, without which the Church would want Pastors, and Kingdoms their defence. He tells 'em that Children are the Blessings of Heaven, and that the Jewish Women accounted Barrenness the greatest Scandal in the World. Ay, and so do the *English* Women too, cry'd a Grave Matron Midwife, and Associate to the Bride's Mother (for such sort of Cattle as they will crowd in if possible upon such occasions) and I should be sorry, as well for my own as my young Mistresses sake, that she should prove Barren. For I hope to carry her first Boy to the Font as old as I am. For my own part I had eleven Children in eight years; and I dare say my young Mistress is as likely as I, if my young Master be as well provided as my Husband; which I make no question but that he is. This Interruption being over, the Grave Gentleman went on, and told 'em that Marriage was not only esteemed by the *Christians*, but *Pagans* also, and how that the *Lacedaemonians* Instituted

great Festival, where all Men that were not Marry'd before Twenty, were to be whipt by the Women as Drones, and Persons not fit to serve the Commonwealth. And how that the *Romans* crown'd the Foreheads of those that had been several times Marry'd, with Garlands of Palm-Tree. He would have gone on, but that he spy'd a Warden-Pye that made Water in his Mouth, and caus'd him to conclude his Discourse. The Midwife glad of the Opportunity, resolv'd to set a new Discourse abroach. To which purpose, addressing her self to the Grave Gentleman, Sir (quo she) which do you think to be the fittest Age for two young Couple to Marry at? But the Gentleman returning no Answer, because his Mouth was full of Crust and Pear. — Why then, young Gentlemen, and Ladies, all that are present, mark my Words — I knew a young Man, that got a Maid with Child at nine years of Age. You may call him a Boy, because he was so young; but I call him a Man because he got a Child. Mother, quo a brisk Lad at the Table, I am afraid, the Maid had some other help besides the young Man of Nine years of Age: and with that they all fell a Laughing; nay, Mrs.

Mrs. Budge herself was forc'd to pull down  
 her Hood over her Eyes. Gentlemen  
 quo the Midwife, let them Laugh that will,  
 but the Story's as true as that I take off this  
 Glass; and so here's to ye all Ladies and  
 Gentlemen, and send ye good luck. Nay,  
 more than that, sending down her Glass,  
 have heard of another that at Ten years of  
 Age got his Nurse with Child. And I have  
 a good Author for what I say, if the Re-  
 port of a very good Scholar that told me  
 the Story be true; Lay ye now. And  
 therefore I would advise all Married Peo-  
 ple not to let their young Children, Bro-  
 thers and Sisters lie together, as frequently  
 they do because they look upon 'em to be  
 but Boys and Girls. If what I have said  
 may seem strange, I am sure all Physicians  
 will allow this, that Maids are ripe at  
 Fourteen, and Men at Seventeen. After  
 that Age both Sexes hone after Wedlock,  
 or something else, and therefore, said a  
 wise Friend of mine, Marry your Daugh-  
 ters betimes, or they'll Marry themselves.  
 You may think I speak to promote my  
 own Trade, but I protest, Ladies and  
 Gentlemen, I speak cordially what I  
 think.

Certainly



Certainly this Discourse must be a very great pleasure to the young Bridegroom; first, to hear the State of Matrimony into which he was now enter'd, so highly commended by a Grave and Experienc'd Gentleman; and secondly to hear such an ample Testimony given of his Wives Ability, by a Sober Matron, who had known her from her Infancy: But above all he could not choose but be pleas'd to hear there were such great Pleasures in Matrimony, that Children not above Nine and Ten years of Age could not forbear 'em. And the thoughts of these Pleasures overcame him of a suddain in such a manner, that immediately up he starts, takes a full Glass, and with a low Bow drinks to the Bride. At which, all the young Gentlemen rise up, and waving their Hats over their Heads, with a loud Voice cry'd out, Long live the Bride and the Bridegroom. We will suppose Dinner now over, the Cloth taken away, and all upon their Legs; at what time the Midwife coming up to the Bridegroom, and Whispering him in the Ear, Son (quoth she) for a Maidenhead, I'll warrant thee, Boy: But crop the Flower gently, for fear of pulling up the whole Plant by the Roots——Then leading him to the Bride——Now the

*Blessing*

*Blessing of God* light upon this young Mistress of mine ——— A whole Dicker of Boys and Girls crown her Endeavours, either by Night or Day, and may she live to be a great Grandmother, and Foundress of an Hospital after her Decease. Then turning to the Guests, Ladies and Gentlemen, (quoth she) make haste, and follow the Example of this fair Couple ——— Ah, What says the Song? *Gather your Rose-buds* ——— I hope I need say no more to ye ——— Now strike up Fiddles ——— for at all Weddings there must be two sorts of Dancing ——— First, move Heels and Tails; then, Heels lie still, and Tails move ——— which are the chief words of Command in all *Cupid's Military Discipline*.

The Midwife seeing 'em all ready to lead up. Now, by my Troth (quoth she) Pidgeons were never better Pair'd: Now, if I might have my Will, I'd have 'em all instantly Marry'd, as they stand Coupled. ——— Oh what a happy day would this be then! By my Troth, I am all for Matrimony Mischief ——— Come, come, my Masters, *Encrease and Multiply*, was the first Command in the World. Ay, ay, Mother, quoth a Crack-rope of the Company, 'twill come to our Turns all in good time, as

the

the Fellow said, that was to be last ty'd  
up, and so they fell to work, and there  
let 'em wriggle their Tails till their Heels  
are weary; 'twill digest their Dinners.  
Nor is it less Pass-time for the Ancient Peo-  
ple, whose Eyes are all fix'd upon the  
Bridegroom, to see how he bestirs himself,  
how he cuts Capers and Cross Capers like  
a Highlander, how he Dances with his  
feet and his Hands like a Toad in a string,  
and how his Tail and his Head keep time  
together like a Crow that is pecking of  
Nuts. Nor has he less pleasure to perceive  
how the Grave Judges admire him, whi-  
sper together, and make their Comments  
upon him. But the Midwife speaks home,  
and loud, God-a-mercy young *True-penny*;  
(quoth she) ——— there's a Back will ne-  
ver fail Woman I warrant it.

Thus they Dance on, till Supper comes  
in; during all which time, there is no-  
thing eaten but with Commendations of  
the Bridegroom's Generosity, nothing  
drank but his and the Brides Happiness  
and Prosperity; which with a Banquet,  
and another short Dancing Bout, concludes  
the Work of the Day, and now begins the  
Work of the Night. For,

After

After all these pleasures, comes the consummation of all felicity. The Bride and Bridegroom are put to Bed. But let his Concupiscence be never so Rampant, he must have a little Patience, but the pleasure will recompence it. For the Company know they are never more to see their young play fellow in *stano quo prius* any more; and therefore now or never, they must come and take leave of the Brides Maiden-head. Which done, up comes the Wedding Nights old Friend, and humble Servant, the *Sack Posset*; an Ancient Custome of the English Matrons, who believe that Sack will make a Man lusty, and Sugar will make him kind. Besides the Guests must be treated where e're they come, and nothing so proper to conclude as with a light *Sack Posset*, especially when two of the sharers are bound to eat in their Beds. Nor can the Bride and the Bridegroom be rid of this useless *Sack Posset*, till one of the young Ladies understanding that moral principle of, *doing as you would be done unto*; instead of throwing the Stockin at the Bride, flings it full in the Balon, and then 'tis time to take the Posset away. Which done, they last kiss round and so depart.

And

And thus the two Lovers left alone,  
you may be sure the Bridegroom is not idle.  
Those Snowy Breasts, which lately he scarce  
durst lay his little Finger on, he now  
grasps by whole Palmfull; he has now  
free liberty to enjoy, what before his  
thoughts durst scarce approach without  
Guilt.

But now let him wanton till he's wea-  
ry, or rather till the Mother and the Mid-  
wife come to visit him next Morning, and  
see how her Daughter does. Which they are  
as sure to do as the Sun shines; they have  
been at the sport themselves, and therefore  
know what's good to repair the Losses in  
Venereal Combats. Well, Son, how is  
it? quoth the Mother; never better, cries  
the Bridegroom; and with that she reaches  
him a Plate of *Eringes* to give his Bride,  
and eat himself; then she fills out a full  
bowl of *Tent*, with a new Egg in it, which  
the Bridegroom mannerly presenting to his  
darling delight, the Mother fills him out a-  
nother of the same. The Bride has no soo-  
ner drank but the Midwife is at her with  
a whisper in her Ear to tell — to which,  
for that time the young Lady answers on-  
ly with a Blush. But the Bridegroom gues-  
sing at the purport of the Question, Oh,  
Mistress, quoth he, that's not to be answered  
till



till we rise for good and all, you see when  
 have taken a new Recruit——stay till  
 the Physick has done working and then put  
 first and last together. Upon that the  
 Mother and the Midwife goe forth again  
 and leave the young couple alone as they  
 found 'em. Who both conclude to take  
 a short Napp to digest their Morning  
 Draught and encouraging Breakfast; but  
 no sooner are Male and Female clasp'd to-  
 gether, when first come the Fiddlers and  
 scrape him a wicked *Reuillon*: The Drums  
 rattle, the Shaumes tote, the Trumpets  
 sound *Tan ta ra ra ra*; and the whole  
 Street rings with the Benedictions and  
 good Wishes of Fiddlers, Drummers, Pi-  
 pers and Trumpetters. You may safely say  
 now the Wedding's proclaim'd. In the midst  
 of which noise, the Bridegroom unwilling  
 to pay his Musick for nothing, gets up and  
 dances to as many of their Tunes as Inter-  
 val, and opportunity will give him leave.  
 Now is not this a blessed time? Here are  
 no less than all Four Senses, pleased at a  
 time, Feeling, Seeing, Hearing and Smel-  
 ling, and for the Fifth of Tasting, it had  
 it's turn but a little before. And thus for a  
 whole Week together nothing but Mirth  
 and Jollity, nothing but visiting and being  
 visited, besides a great Entertainment gi-  
 ven

en by the two Bride-men at some Eminent Tavern or other; till time at length he hugs the Bridegroom by the Elbow, and tells him 'tis time to look after his worldly Affairs.

Now some there are that laugh at all this Pomp and publick Ceremony, say that Fools and their money were soon parted; and that 'tis the only way for a man so to habituate his Wife to pleasure, that 'twill be a hard matter to wean her from it: And therefore there are some that have money enough, yet so much prudence to boot, that after they are agreed, without troubling Taylors for new Cloths, or Sempstresses for new Linnen, sneak to Church by themselves, sneak to a Tavern by themselves, make a Wedding Dinner by themselves, upon a *French Roll*, and a Bottle of Claret, then sneak to Bed by themselves; and so there's a great deal of money sav'd, and the Fiddlers disappointed to boot. 'Tis a bad sign when a young man is forc'd to rap his Portion, to buoy up his Wedding Gallantry; for many times the Devil himself can hardly get in the Spiggot again.

But to this I say, let every man do as he pleases, and he will be sure to be pleas'd. All men have their Humours; and he that has his Humour, has his pleasure. How-  
ever

ever this is certain, the Pleasures of Prodigal Wooing are far more numerous than those of Stingy Courtship. All men are not born *Craſus's*; nor have all men money nor time to keep open house; and therefore the Journey-man Carpenter that rolls early all the Week long and therefore Marry'd his Wife of a *Saturday*, made a good answer to them that ask'd him, why he Marry'd of a *Saturday*; because, (said he) I might lie the longer a Bed with my Wife a *Sunday* Morning. 'Tis not for a Prentice that Marries before he's out of his time, to proclaim his Wedding; yet the stolen pleasure of a Wife laid up in Laverder, must of necessity be very sweet; besides the pleasure of putting a daily cheat upon the World, who believe him a Bachelor, when perhaps he has two or three Children. So that let a Man be Rich or Poor, Prodigal or Covetous; there is both pleasure in Wooing, and pleasure in Wedding, contrary to that damnable position of your *Anti-Matrimonialists*, that cry down Matrimony, because they would have all Women lie common.

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II. Of House-keeping Expence : Together  
with several pleasant Digressions.

HOW do you say, Friend, is there no pleasure in House-keeping? 'Tis a bold Assertion, and you shall hear more of it by and by. For now I think on't, my young married Couple are still at the Wives Parents; and I must go fetch 'em home, before they get a habit of Rambling. But that's done to my hand; for time, as I said before, has given the young Bridegroom an *Item* in private, that the hours have wings, and that Bags will grow Empty, unless fill'd again. Thereupon abandoning his pleasures and Hony-moon delights, & that's the greatest pleasure in the world for a man to be able to deny himself; he brings home his Wife, puts on his ordinary Weeds, and begins to consider what he has to doe. And I hope there's never a *Manichaan* of 'em all, but will confess it to be a very great pleasure to a man to look after his own business; and if he sees his Wife no less diligent in her Station, that's as great a pleasure as any can be. There is no man in the World so silly, but that before he goes about to Marry, he has so much insight into the World, as to

D — know,

know that the best House-wife in Nature can never be able to shew her Art, her Education, and her House-wifery, upon bare Walls. 'Tis a thousand pound to a penny, but that in his Batchellour visit before he Married her, he might see her sometimes with her slender Fingers pinching up an Apple-Tart ; or more industriously labouring to make the sides of a Goose-Pye stand ; and in the midst of this her House-wifely Employment, calling for this and that Kitchen Utensil, as she wanted it, by hard names that were all Heathen Greek to him. Or else at another time, he might perhaps behold her with a Silver Ladle, Scumming off the Froth from a Pipkin of Damascens, which she was preserving over the Fire, or else more laboriously tiring her self to make Raspberry Brandy. And then 'twas his time to have consider'd, whether such a Wife were convenient for him or no. For he might be sure, what was bred in the Bone would never out of the Flesh ; as she had been bred, so she would expect to be maintained. He saw how her Mother's House was furnished ; the Kitchen full of Brass and Pewter ; the Parlour and Dining Room neatly accoutr'd, and all things trim and proper above Stairs ; and could



re think but that when she was his Wife,  
 he would look for the same in her own  
 House? I would fain know, which a ra-  
 tional man would take for the greater  
 pleasure, to see his Wife always industri-  
 ously imployed at home, or never at home  
 but a Nights, and that not till the VWatch  
 strikes, Past twelve a Clock, neither; but  
 still whip out of doors, as soon as she gets  
 dress'd, and spending her time at the Play-  
 houses, or else losing money at Cards at  
 his or that Gossip's House, where she finds  
 Company most suitable to her Hu-  
 mour.

'Tis true, there are some men that take  
 for a great pleasure, to bring their new  
 Marry'd VVives to a House ready furnish'd  
 before hand. But others more indulgent  
 please themselves in believing it much bet-  
 ter, to spare that trouble, till they are  
 Married, and is much more satisfy'd that  
 Some has an Opportunity to let his VVife  
 have the Liberty to please her self; belie-  
 ving as it is but reason, that she, being us'd  
 to it, has more experience to know what  
 she wants, than he can pretend to. Now  
 there is no VVoman i'th' VVorld can shew  
 her House-wifery, and her ingenuity in a  
 House where there is nothing but bare  
 VValls. *They that go a borrowing, go a sor-*  
*rowing,*

*rowing*, says the Proverb. That Woman<sup>s</sup>  
 in an ill Condition, that must be forced to  
 send to her Neighbours for every Skillet  
 or Stew-pan, or Washing-Tub she wants  
 which are many times deny'd, and as fre-  
 quently lent with an ill will. But she that  
 has all things necessary about her, need ne-  
 ver be beholding to her Neighbours. And  
 therefore in my Opinion, it ought to be so  
 far from being an ungratefull Sound, that  
 it should be like the Musick of St. *Pulchre*  
*Chimes* in his Ears, when his Wife asks  
 him for money to buy necessaries. If she  
 aim to be a little more gay and sumptuous  
 than ordinary; that ought to be another  
 pleasure to him: For the best is best cheap.  
 She becomes the Envy of her Neighbours  
 that come to visit her, and her Reputation  
 runs through the Parish like Wild-fire.  
 The brightness of the Besses of her Life-  
 Isons, and the Glaring Lustre of her Pew-  
 ter and Preserving-Pan are the discourse of  
 all her Acquaintance; the sleekness of her  
 rubb'd Rooms, and the cleanly neatness of  
 her Carpets, Chairs and Stools, with their  
 Frames rubb'd as slick as the Toe of a new  
 shoe, are spread abroad to her never dy-  
 ing Honour. All which must certainly be  
 a very great pleasure to a Husband. And  
 then again when Household Goods are

once

once bought, there's an end of that Story: Good Housewifery and Management, makes every thing last long; or if it happens that there must be an Exchange, now and then, the Expence is insensible, but the supply is obvious and remarkable. What a Pox should a Woman give three and four pounds a year, to a couple of massie fat Buttock'd Queens, but to keep all things Tite and Cleanly, one above Stairs, and t'other below? 'Tis the Humour of men to love Cleanliness, but they doe not love to be within when there is any Scrubbing or Washing work to be done; they do not love holes in the heels of their Stockings, nor their Ruffles to hang like Bell-ropes; but they scorn to set a stitch to mend 'em themselves. If then the Wife will take the trouble upon her to see all these inconveniencies remedy'd her self, surely it ought to be a very great pleasure to a man. Nor is it a *Venice* Looking glass, a little *China* ware, a *Persian* Carpet, two or three Pictures, or an *Indian* Cabinet, that ought to break squares between a Man and his Wife. And then for Plate, the more he has, the Richer he is. Rather it ought to be a great pleasure to a Husband, that his Wife requires nothing from him, but what redounds to his Honour.

For certainly the politeness and curioſity  
of a Woman adds greatly to the Reputation  
of her Husband; and I am apt to be-  
lieve that were it not for the little requi-  
ſite Pride and Vanity of Women, Men  
would be the moſt naſty Beaſts and Sloven  
in the World. How like a Paradife ſuch  
a ones Houſe lies? cries one. It would  
do your Heart good but to look into the  
Rooms, cries another. And all judge that  
all this could never be, but that her Indul-  
gent Husband allows it: which muſt  
needs greatly redound to his praiſe, nor can  
there be a greater pleaſure than that which  
proceeds from Commendation. Nay if it  
were but for the wholeſomeness of it, and  
the prolongation of Life, who would not  
rather chooſe to live in a Palace of a Habitation,  
than in a Hog-ſtye of a Houſe. In  
the one he ſees the Rooms decently hung,  
the Beds ſweet and clean, and the very  
Air itſelf purify'd by good Houſe-wifery.  
In the other you find nothing but dirt to  
the Ankles; the And-Irons ruſty, the in-  
ſide of the Teſtern all full of Cob-webs,  
that a Man would be afraid to ſleep with  
his Mouth open, for fear the Spiders ſhould  
drop in it; go into the Miſtreſſes Cham-  
ber, and the firſt Glance of your Eye,  
gives you the Proſpect of an open Cloſe-  
ſtool,

stool, and a Chamber-pot full charged, as if the Woman thought all that came from her, were nothing but Civet and Essence of Orange Flowers. In the one a man lives with pleasure and delight; in the other he goes to his Grave, Poison'd with the stench of his Wife's nastiness.

Another thing laid to the Womans Charge, is her lashing out in Entertainments: As if it became a Woman of any Quality, to grudge her Friends when they come to see her, a Glass of Wine, and a Dish of Sweet-meats; which perhaps she was so good a House-wife as to make her self. The most Prodigal women will never give Treatments, but where they are sure to be Treated again; and it is not to be thought that a Prudent and Thrifty woman will be less wary. If sometimes she shews her self generous to those that have been niggardly to her, it argues that she either did it, to shew that she was better Marry'd than the other, or else to upbraid and shame that want of Civility, which the other had been guilty of. I'll warrant ye the same Woman shall never tast of her Bounty twice together. I must confess 'tis no such infallible mark of a generous Spirit to Entertain for the sake of being Entertain'd again. Many Women do it to shew



shew that they live in Plenty, which redounds to the Credit and consequently the pleasure of the Husband, and to merit applause themselves; which cannot but very much please a Husband when he hears abroad the good use which his Wife makes at home, of his Liberality. If a man meets with the vertue of Liberality in his Wife, he ought by no means to stifle it, for fear he meet with no more; for I look upon Chastity rather to be a Duty than a Vertue: 'tis the temper of her Body that many times renders a Woman Chast; but it is the temper of her mind, that renders her Generous and Liberal. If a Woman lanch out one day for her Husbands Credit, and save three days after for her Husbands profit, where's the Extravagance so much to be complain'd of? Besides, if she be a Woman that makes those great entertainments you talk of, 'tis to be supposed she does not Junket in Hugger-mugger; and then the Husband may come in for his share, and take the pleasure of his own Indulgence. He that spends little abroad, and most at home, may well permit his Wife to entertain her Friends, now and then, without prejudice to his Estate. The Wine tastes as well at home, as at the Tavern; and a Capon may be as well dress'd in

in his own Kitchen, as at a French Ordinary; and I am sure with less expence. That a prudent Wife knows, and therefore is now and then, a little more than usually lavish at home, to draw her Husband into a good Opinion of his own House.

'Tis true, there are several Extravagant young Coxcombs, that Marry Hand over Head; but Wedlock is not to be scandaliz'd and abus'd for the miscarriages of Fools. 'Tis not what men, that have any thing of reasonable foundation to fix upon, spend at home in Household stuff and good Cheer, that brings 'em to take out Duce's from the Counter to carry 'em to Ludgate, or Tipstaff 'em over the Water; but their Marrying of Wives before they know how to maintain 'em. By their bouncing and cracking and huffing they get an Indifferent Portion with an unwary Girl as willing to be Marry'd as themselves; and while that lasts, they live like Princes; but when all's gone, they vanish too. Their Wives think 'em to be the same persons they seem to be, and are willing to live at the same Port which their Husbands pretend to. An Ambition in Women no way to be discommended, rather laudable where there is an Estate to maintain it; but if her Husband deceive her,

'twas not the Wives Ambition to be equal with her Neighbours, nor her free Entertainment of her Friends, and many times her Husband's Acquaintance as well as hers, that occasion'd the Dislocation of the whole Family; but the Folly of the Husband, who did not in time inform her of his Condition. So that the Man may be laid to undo the Woman, but not the VWoman to undo him.

Nay suppose the VWoman be bad, if the Man be so too, if the VWoman be a spend-thrift, if the Man be so to; why should the blame be laid upon VVedlock? 'Twas no fault in Matrimony; for, for ought I see, they are both equally match'd: 'tis not the Yoak of Matrimony, that lies heavy upon the Man, but his own Folly and Vanity, that will not permit him to have any Government of himself, nor his VVife neither. The VWoman's to be commend-ed to make Hay while the Sun shines; you some and I some is but fair play; she fees her Portion a going, and there's all the reason i<sup>n</sup> the world she should spend her share, else 'twere a very hard Case. The Woman is not to be blamed for spending her own, when she sees her Husband would spend it else for her. And when all's gone let 'em go lovingly a begging together, and

and then the Man takes her again for *Poor*-  
*en*, as he took her before for *Richer*; which  
 still makes good the second Condition of  
 Matrimony, without any Complaint of ei-  
 ther side.

But suppose the Woman be a Spend-  
 thrift, and the Husband as Miserable as  
 Old *Stretchley*; yet is not Matrimony to be  
 blamed in this Case neither. For a pru-  
 dent Man would examine the Conditions  
 of his Wife before he enters into Bands. If  
 the Man will carry her to Church, the Par-  
 son is to do his Duty. Now I'll warrant  
 you this was some *Smithfield Bargain*; this  
 was some clutchfisted Hunk that would  
 have the young Maid whether she would or  
 no, and her Parents would force her to  
 have him against her will, and when she has  
 him, she plays the Devil. Truly 'tis no  
 more than he deserves; were all such Ma-  
 trimonial *Barterers* so condignly punished,  
 there would be fewer than there are; and  
 if there were none at all, 'twere not a half  
 penny matter.

I must confess there is a general clamour  
 against Matrimony, for the sake of Expen-  
 sive VVives. But I say 'tis for the Honour  
 of the Nation that women should goe fine.  
 To see so many broad Lac'd Petticoats, so  
 many sumptuous Manteaus, flaring with  
 Flowers

Flowers of Silver and Gold, marching through the Streets of *London* of a *Sunday*, shew the Riches of the Kingdom. A Chambermaid, whose whole Estate is only a light Porters Burthen in a Trunk of an ordinary size, marked *A. F.* if you see her upon a Holyday, you cannot distinguish between her and the Mistress. Now all this bravery must cost Money. And therefore it shews the Wealth of a Nation, that a Company of Men should export such vast summs of Gold to fetch in your *Indian* Ruff, ruff of unnecessary Silks and Cheats, and a world of other shitten-com shites, and yet that there should remain so much Gold behind to purchase so much Gallantry. Then again it is a great mark of the Vertue and Chastity of the English women. For where there is much bravery, there is much temptation. For your Glorious Petticoats inflame men with an ardent desire to understand what those hidden Beauties are that lie concealed under so much Pomp and Gallantry. But if a hot-cod-pieced Spark do but attempt to pick up one of these fine Birds in a duskie Evening, what do they do? They give him a flap of the Chaps, bid him go about his business, and tell him, They are no such Persons as he takes them for. There can be no greater pleasure to a Man than to have a fine vertuous Wife. Thus,



Thus, my beloved, 'tis not what your Vives spend at home in fine Cloaths and Householdstuff, but what you your selves lavish away abroad in fine Gaming, fine Whoring, and fine Revelling: There goes the Hare away. If you have but vertuous Vives, keep close to them, and they'll keep close to you. And therefore never complain of Matrimony. For VVives are not imposed upon men, but chosen: choose a vertuous VVife, and she'll never desire more than her Husband is able to allow her.

IV. *Kissing Friends, and going into the Country, with an Account of the Entertainment and pleasant Diversions and Discourses thereupon.*

**W**HAT look ye, Gentlemen, it was never esteemed a Crime that I know of, for a man to marry into a good Family, neither is there any Que Statute in *Polsen* against it. For Man and VVo-men do not come out of the Earth like Pumpions, but their Pedigrees must have a beginning somewhere. The meanest Beggar as well as the greatest Lord, had once an Original Father and Mother. But the Records of Descent are frequently lost and

and more frequently not regarded ; and as often Bloudy VVars and Invasions of Countrys extirpate whole Families : Lords are made Beggars, and Beggars are made Lords. He's a happy man now that can derive his Pedigree from *William the Conqueror* ; tho some VVomen whose Husbands are great Antiquaries, will go a great deal farther at a Christning ; and in the heat of Contention, when priority comes to be disputed, will derive themselves from the Eldest Maid of Honour, to *Nimrod's VVife*. But let that alone : Most certainly it may so happen, that a Man may Marry a VVife, that has a great many Relations that live i'the Country, and a VVoman may Marry a Man that has as many. For if you ask a Citizen where he was Born, there's not one in Forty, but will cry in *Glocestershire, Devonshire, Kent, Norfolk, &c.* others in *Wales*, but very few make Answer, within the sound of *Bow Bell*. And this is apparent from the several County Feasts that meet every year, which were they all join'd together, would beat the Cockneys into an Augur-hole. Now whether the Man, or VVoman, or both, have these Relations in the Country, is not a Straw matter to the purpose, but this is certainly to be imagin'd, that when a man is Marry'd, he will

will not conceal it, either from his own, or his Wives Friends: who presently send back words that they should be very glad to see both him and his Wife, or her and her Husband in the Country. Now the Wife out of Natural Affection is willing to see her Friends, and the Man is no less Ambitious to shew his Wife: and thus when both are agreed, the pleasure of Marriage is in concerting both in the same Opinion. Perhaps there has been an Exchange between 'em of *Turkeys, Geese, Cheeses, and Bacon*, for *Sugar Plums, and Spice*; perhaps one of the Kindred has had an occasion to come to Town, and has had the convenience of a Lodging at his new Kinsmans House, for which he can do no less than invite the new Marry'd Couple into the Country to a dish of Keel and Bacon, and homely Apple-pye. Why Faith, Cousin, or Uncle, quod the young Man, we may chance to pop upon ye before y<sup>e</sup> are aware——I should be at *Exeter-Fair*, this *Lammus-Tide*——Cuds-fish, (quoth his Cousin) 'tis but a little out of your way, to ride to *Darchester*, and then you come within a Mile of our House.

Now suppose the young Man should be as good as his word, and resolve to give his Wife an Airing i<sup>n</sup> the Country. Why should

should Marriage so inhumanely suffer for  
 this? You may be sure, he will not Tra-  
 vel his VVife in VVinter, nor in *Easter-*  
*Term*, and that's the chief Season of the  
 year for Trading; therefore generally he  
 chooses a very long *Vacation*. And what  
 if he does, when there's little to do in the  
 Town; I say, what if he does take a frisk  
 into the Country for a Month, or three  
 VVeeks, to visit his own or his VVives Re-  
 lations; e'pecially having Servants whose  
 Parents are bound for their Truth, to look  
 after his Affairs in the mean time. Tho'  
 the gentiler way would be to send her  
 down before, with some Friend of a Coun-  
 try Attorney, a little before the *Sizes*, and  
 for him to go after and fetch her home a-  
 gain. And then, besides that she shall  
 see the *Sizes*, and my Lords the Judges,  
 he shall have the happiness of a new plea-  
 sure that he never enjoy'd before; which  
 is to write lovingly to Her, and to receive  
 endearing Answers from her again, with  
*Dear* and *Chung*, at the Top, and *Thine*  
*ill Death*, and *Thine Eternally*, at the Bot-  
 tom. This is only if he have no other  
 business in those parts; but if he have bu-  
 siness at any remarkable Fair thereabouts:  
 Let him then by any means attend her him-  
 self, and Amble her an easie Carriers Journey,  
 for

or fear of the Inconveniencies of weariness  
 and Stomach Qualms. For indeed, if  
 there be any thing that affects Matrimony  
 with Calumny in this particular we are  
 now upon, it is for a Man to be forc'd  
 to alight to take down his VVife in the  
 middle of the Heath, sick as a Horfe, and  
 ready to faint away in his Arms; or else  
 to ride by the Coach and hear her groan,  
 and by and by to see her throw up her  
 undigested Break-fast into her opposit<sup>e</sup>  
 Neighbours Lap, while the confounded  
 Coachman *Raps* it away, as if he were dri-  
 ving for a VVager. These I must confess,  
 are Accidents that somewhat Eclipse the  
 pleasures of his journey. But as Heaven  
 would have it, a sup or two of Dr. *Ste-  
 phens's* VVater, sets her right again, and  
 she holds it so; till they come to the  
 next good Town, where they make a full  
 stop, take a fresh Bait, and perfect the  
 Cure. Then 'tis a new pleasure to him to  
 see her again as crank as a young Gossin.  
 The VVomen ask her how long she has  
 been Marry'd? She tells 'em so long; then  
 they conclude she's a breeding, and all's  
 forgiven.

At length after three or four days jour-  
 ney she gets among her Friends, and then  
 there's kissing and hugging, and dear Cou-  
 sin



fin y<sup>e</sup> are welcome——and the four Bells  
 i<sup>n</sup> the Steeple are set a jangling for joy. And  
 do you think it is an extream pleasure to  
 her Husband, to see his dear VVife so car-  
 ress'd and made much of among her Re-  
 lations. After a stay of three or four days,  
 away Gallops the Husband thirty or forty  
 Miles further about his business, and  
 leaves his VVife and her Palfrey together,  
 to be carry'd from place to place, to see  
 and be seen; and still she has a Convoy  
 of her Cousins and the Cousins to shew her  
 the Country, and treat her at this and  
 t<sup>o</sup>ther good Town; they are never out  
 of their way; for still she finds new Kin-  
 dred and Acquaintance, and all make  
 much of the Londoner, and indeed, how  
 can they choose? She's so pretty, so bon-  
 ny, so blith and pleasant, that every Bo-  
 dy's glad of her Company: then they wisk  
 her to *Bath*, to *Bristol*, to *Wells*, to *Taunton*,  
 and then they Gallop her over *Sedge-moor*,  
 and shew her where the D. of *Monmouth*  
 lost his Battle——so that by that time her  
 Husband comes back again, she is able to  
 ride with e'er a Jockey in *Smithfield*.  
 VVhen her Husband is return'd, and both  
 are a bed together she tells him how kind  
 her Kindred have been to her, which is the  
 greatest pleasure i<sup>n</sup> the world to him, next  
 the pleasure of her person. Now

Now where is the Felony all this while, that these *Mugletonians* lay to the Charge of Matrimony? Oh! the great charges the Man is at to buy her an ambling Nagg, a swimming *Pacer* forsooth; or else Coach hire, and expences upon the Road, besides the Carriage of a great heavy Trunk, where all the Finery lies. S' life, would they have had her Husband and she ha' walk'd down a Foot, with each a Snap-sack at their Backs, and lain among the Beggars in Barns by the way? would they have had her gone naked, or otherwise than like her self, as if she had gone a Begging, to be slighted and contemn'd by her Friends, and kickt out of Doors? what would her Kindred have thought of such a shabby Couple? What would they have thought of her Husband? Surely they would have thought their Kinswoman well holpen up by her Match; and look'd upon her Parents to have been a strange sort of people to let out their Daughter to hire, in a tawdrey *Long-Lane* drefs, to officiate in a *Drinking Booth* at *Bartholomew Fair*.

What if the Prentices and the Maids do junket a little together? What if they do purloin three or four Bottles of the Remainder of the Wedding Wine, and Sack-

Sack-poffet it now and then of an Evening  
'Tis pay'd for; and why should not the  
Servants be a little merry at home, as well  
as the Master abroad? I'll warrant you  
they were no such ill Servants, but that  
they drank their Master and Mistresses  
Health; and then they could never grutch  
it 'em. What if the 'Prentice were a lit-  
tle Familiar with the Chamber-maid? Let  
his Parents look to that; they are bound  
for his good behaviour. Must the Master  
be always oblig'd to stay at home to watch  
lest his 'Prentice should lie with his  
Maid?

But you'll say he has no Trade nor Chap-  
men i' the Country — What then? — I'd fain  
know where he could have lived Cheaper  
for so long time, than amongst his Friends,  
that every day feast him a free cost; only  
giving now and then a Sailing or two to  
the Servants.

'Tis a shame that Men should so dis-  
grace and bespatter Matrimony, when  
they have no better Objections against her  
than these. And yet they bawl and cla-  
mour against her, as if Matrimony that  
gives all mankind their Being, were like  
those ill natur'd Fowls, that destroy their  
Chickens as soon as they are hatch'd. A  
man cannot carry his Wife into the Coun-  
try;

try;

ty; nor can a Wife desire to see her friends, but here's an Out-cry against Matrimony. Tho' I dare be bold to say, there's none of these people that are so severe against VVedlock but would take it very ill to be call'd *Sons of Whores*, which had not their Fathers and Mothers been Marry'd, they must have been. As they are born then, they ought to speak well of Matrimony, and not quarrel with her for every trifle of a Side-Saddle, or Padd-Nag, that a Man bestows upon his Wife.

Well—but now suppose the Man and his Wife come home again; what does all the Charges amount to, perhaps some Twenty or Thirty Pound—a monstrous Sum to damn Matrimony for. The Horse and the Padd-Nag yield their Money again, the Cloths are little or nothing the worse for wearing. It may be the Side-Saddle may be afterwards lent out among the Neighbours, and come home at length without the Stirrup, or the Bridle and that may have taken leave one of another; but that's but a small matter. If when they came home again, they had found the House remov'd at t'other side the Water, or the Furniture Pawn'd, or the Servants run away with all the Ware in the Shop, these had been Losses indeed, that

that would have struck deep. But all ag  
well, and the VVoman so satisfy'd, that  
perhaps she never Dreams of such another  
Journey as long as she lives: A kind Cor  
respondence only now contents, and it is  
a pleasure to her that she knows the places  
and the Persons to which, and to whom  
she directs her Letters.

But you'll say, this brings another  
Charge upon her Husband, to entertain  
them again when they come to the City a  
bout business. Let 'em come and welcome.  
Certainly 'tis a bad Trade that will not  
afford 'em a good Bed, and a good Sun  
days Dinner be sure. That I'd have if I  
were the VVife, tho' I Pawn'd my best Pet  
ticoat for it. But what need that, the Man  
has a good Trade, lives plentifully, the  
VVife goes twice a VWeek to Market, and  
what signifies a Joynt of Meat extraordi  
nary upon an extraordinary Occasion?  
And if the Husband do carry his Friend to  
the Tavern and give him a Bottle or two  
of VVine, VVhat Matrimonial Crime can  
that be?

But these Murmurers against Matrimo  
ny never consider, that Men commit a  
greater Violation of VVedlock, which is  
indeed the chief occasion of all those dead  
ly Feuds, that disturb the pleasures of Mar  
riage,



all age, when they take a far greater Liberty  
 than themselves to revel with their Misses and  
 their Concubines in Private Country Corners,  
 or where they go for Man and VVife, while  
 it is the poor VVoman at home thinks he is  
 gone to gather in his Debts, as he makes  
 her believe. It has been observ'd, when at  
 the other end of the Town a Strumpet has  
 come into a Mercers Shop and taken up a  
 Gown and Petticoat of the best Silk in his  
 Counter; and when she was gone, the  
 Sly-Thief-to-himself of a VVhore-master  
 has Book'd it down to some invisible great  
 Lady at Court. And thus it is, that the  
 Pleasures of Matrimony must suffer for the  
 Pleasures of Doxy-Copulation. No won-  
 der then 'tis all Fire and Tow in the Fa-  
 mily, when the wife finds it out. This is  
 that which makes *Conjugium* to be *Conjugium*.  
 This is that which untiles the house,  
 and makes hell upon earth. And indeed  
 the woman has reason of her side, when  
 she finds her husband so liberal to a Har-  
 lot, yet grudging his wife a Frisk into  
 the Country among her Friends, or a  
 Fortnights scowring at *Epsom* once in  
 three or four Summers, in a long Vacati-  
 on, when they have nothing else to doe,  
 but to play at Draughts i'the back Shop,

or to be at one another's well and ill.

or read the *Turkish History* behind the Counter.

*V. Great Complaints for want of Children the Wife Complains to her Neighbours and the ill Consequences of it; together with the several Instructions the good Women, her Neighbours, give her in order to her Procreation.*

**B**Ut notwithstanding all this Junketing, Feasting, and Rambling into the Country, the young woman cannot be got with Child, which is another very great breach of the Peace of wedlock, this redounds to the Man's Disgrace, which can be no pleasure to Matrimony. Here again, let the Hares-Foot to the Goose-Giblets; let the Man but consider, that where there are no Children, there is the less charge, but the pleasures of the Bed are still the same. Certainly that husband must live at great ease, and with an extraordinary Contentment of Mind that enjoys a pretty woman every Night without finding his Brains disturb'd and turmoil'd with the yearly Expences of Nurses, and Midwives, and Chriftenings, and as his Children grow up with Provision of Portions. How many Men are forc'd to  
sell

sell a good part of their Estates to pay  
 younger Childrens Portions? The sad ef-  
 fect of their wives Fertility. Nay, some  
 women are so unconscionable, as to bring  
 two at a time, others three at a Birth.  
 An unreasonable thing that the poor Men  
 should pay so dear for their sport. More  
 than this, there have been some women  
 that have Teen'd two at a Lying-in with-  
 in a Month after they have been Marry'd.  
 Should all women contrive at that Rate,  
 the Men must all have *Lucullus's* Estates  
 to maintain 'em. But some women must  
 have a little seasoning of pain to relish their  
 Pleasures; and among the rest, this wo-  
 man longs for a Child, and a Child she  
 will have, if it be to be had above ground;  
 and the more to whet her Appetite, in her  
 Rambling Visits among her Neighbours  
 and Friends, she sees, at one place, a no-  
 table Plump-Cheek'd Baby of a Boy staring  
 about in his Nuries Arms. — Lord,  
 quoth she, what a Lusty Child is this? —  
 How long have you been Marry'd, Neigh-  
 bour? About thirteen Months, quoth the  
 other. And how old is this Child? quo  
 the Young woman: About a Quarter  
 old next Tuesday come Sevenight. —  
 quo the other. Cuds-fish, quo the young  
 woman, you have bestow'd your time  
 E well

well——I have been Marry'd above this half year, and no sign yet of any thing coming. The words are hardly out of her Mouth, before another Neighbour steps in, and having heard part of the Complaint, VVhat's the Matter with our Neighbour here? quoth she. Matter! quoth the t'other, matter enough by my Faith——~~she~~ she has been Marry'd above this half year, and nothing yet coming. Believe me, that's not well, quoth the t'other Neighbour——and yet it may be, that the man's in no fault——S'lfe, quoth the young woman, the man in no fault! As if a woman of my Age and Complexion, could be in the fault——I know my own Complexion, and my own Abilities so well, that I'll give all the world leave to judge whether the fault be mine, or no. Patience a little, quoth the second Neighbour, I have known some women that have not been with Child, till after they have been two or three years Marry'd. Yes! And do you think I'll stay so long, quoth the young woman in a pelting Chafe, not I by my Fackins——At these words, in steps another Neighbour, one of the more experienc'd sort, and tells 'em she had been at such a one's Groaning——VVhat! quoth the t'other, is my Neighbour  
 1137 such

such a one brought to Bed? Of a Delicate Boy, quo the t'other. And how long has she been Married? cries the young Woman. But t'other day, quo the other. — S'life but t'other day! And I have been Married this half year, and have nothing to shew for't!

This Debate holds a long time — but at length cries one a little Wiser than the rest — Mrs. *Such-a-one*, this is a Matter of great Importance, and therefore pray go home, and take the exact Dimensions of your Husbands Gunging Instrument, as to the Length and Compass: For till that be done, it will not be an easie thing to make a right Judgment of the Business.

Come, come, says another, I know my Neighbour *Such-a-one* very well, and I am not apt to have an ill Opinion of him: I am sure he is a Man likely enough: He's only newly Marry'd, and a Man may Caress his Wife as well too much, as too little. And therefore Neighbour give him a little time to replenish; nourish him up well with Yolks of Eggs, Oysters, Cock-stones, Crayfish, Lobsters, Periwinkles, Beef Marrow, Skirrets and Sweet Wine. Skirrets! quo another, Why 'tis the best thing in the World — My husband is a Sea-

man,



man, and he brought me some *Skirrets*, and he told me the Sweedish Women commonly gave them to their Husbands when their Fondness grew slack: And I found it to be true; for all the while we eat *Skirrets* together, he behav'd himself most right; so that in good truth now I have sent him again into *Sweedland* for more *Skirrets*.

Mistress, you have interrupted me, but 'tis no matter, cry'd the first Speaker; for I was going to tell ye, that the Kidneys of a little Crocodile dry'd and beaten to Powder; and the quantity of half an ounce drank in a Glass of *Alecom*, will do strange things. I need not tell ye the Virtues of *Eryngo's*, Neighbours, 'tis one of the best Flowers the Confit-Makers have in their Shops, and if they knew the use of *Sary-ron* Roots, they would Candy more than they doe.

Ay, ay, and there be your *Cambarides* too, crys another. Hold Neighbour, you must have a care of your *Cambarides*, they are a dangerous sort of Diet, and must be manag'd with great skill. I'll tell you a Tale, Neighbours. There was a certain young Woman, that shall be Nameless, who finding that her Husband did not get her with Child, came to an Apothecary of her

her Acquaintance, and ask'd him if he had no Drug in his Shop that would cause her husband to get her with Child, for that all her Neighbours had Children but she. The Apothecary told her he had a Powder which if she did but give it her husband in a little Broth, 'twould make him another *Hercules*, ay marry would it. The Woman desir'd the Apothecary to let her have a Dose, and having paid him for it, without disputing the Price, she carry'd it home with a light heart, and administering her Physick according to her Directions, found the Operation of it to her Content, without any harm to the husband.

But the Apothecary's Wife who had in a private Corner behind the Shop listen'd all this while to the Discourse that passed between her husband and the good Woman, and thought she stood in as much need of the Receipt as her Companion. Ay, quo she to her self, and y'sackins I'll be my husbands Physician for once, and observing whence her husband took out the Powder, within two or three days after her husband desiring her to make him some good Portage to warm his Stomach, under pretence of fetching some Spice to put into the Broth, she took the remainder of powder'd *Cambaridos*, and put it into the

Pot without any regard of weight or measure. VVhen 'twas ready, her Husband as greedily suppd up a Large Mess; Nor was it long before he found the effects and heat of it, which he thought to qualifie by the assistance of his VVife; but alas the Flame did so increase, that his very Entrails seem'd to be in a Conflagration. He swore to his wife she had Poyson'd him, and ask'd her what she had put i the Broth. VVho made him answer, she had put nothing into the Broth that was extraordinary, but a handfull of Powder which he had sold the other day to the woman that came to him about her Husband. Then the poor Apothecary understanding the whole matter and cause of his Distemper in his Extremity curs'd her to the Devil, and sent for another of his own Trade to relieve him; which was not so easily done, but that it had like to have cost him his Life.

Now, bating the *Cantharides*, do you think it is not a great pleasure to a man to find himself so kindly Nursed and cherished by his wife, Cock-brothed, Oyster-Fed, and Night and Morning Eryngo's and Tent; and every day fresh Overtures of Conjugal Dalliance, and new Allurements, to kiss, embrace and love one another?

These,

These are Comforts of Comforts, and a Man that has such a wife, such a Nurse, and such a Bed-fellow, so buxom, free and wanton as this, is the happiest of all Married Men.

But after all this, thinks the young woman to her self, all this cost is meerly thrown away, if I have not my due measure. For what's a Work man without his Tools? If I send my Maid to the Ale-house for a Quart of Beer, if she does not bring me my Measure, I call the Fellow that drew it Knave, and my Maid Baggage: and I call the Milk-woman cheating Slut, if she does not fill my Pan, when I know how much is my due. This brings to her Remembrance the first Admonition given her to take an exact Accompt of Length and Compass, which she fails not to doe and to carry it along with her to the next Meeting, within two or three days after.

But then there happens a general Stupefaction and Astonishment among the Neighbours and Relations, when they find the two pieces of Apron-string snipp'd off, that of the length to hold out full six, and the Circumference between three or four Inches. Then they begin to shake their heads, and hang their Lips, telling the young woman, that now begins to be as dejected

as themselves. — 'Slife, Neighbour, here's nothing but all perfect Justice — your Husband is a Man every Inch of him — We must search for the fault somewhere else — Nay it would be given against you in the Court of Arches. — I knew a Taylor, cries one of the Neighbours, that was laughed at as long as he lived, for his Wife mistaking her Husband's — for her own Thumb, slipped on her Wedding-Ring once, and pulled it off again; but when she thought to have done so a second time, it swelled, and put her Husband to that excessive pain, that she was forced to send for a Chirurgeon to have it filed off. — But you Mistress make no such Complaint, and therefore we must not easily give Sentence against due Proportion. I don't know how it is, not I, cries the young Woman, ready to burst into Tears for Anguish, but so it is, I know a young married Couple, quoth another, that were just in your Case, and the Physician told me himself, he gave the Husband this Advice, which was, to absent himself out of Town for Fifteen days, and the Sixteenth day to get a Horse back, and so to order it, as after an easie Journey of Ten or Twelve Miles, to come home just in the Evening.



At the same time, he also gave Directions, that his Wife should provide him for Supper a Leg of Mutton boiled with a Sallad of *Garden Rocket*, a Capon roasted, and a Glass of good Red Wine. Moreover, that he should place himself at Supper right against his Wife, bare necked, and naked breasted.

Three hours after Supper, he bid the Gentleman go to Bed, lie close to his Wife, and Sleep on his first Sleep; after that, to enter into Amorous Discourse with his Wife, as awake as himself; and when he had so heightned his Discourse, to fall to his Work. And this Counsel was so fortunate, that it not only had its effect upon this Gentleman, but upon several others in the same Condition. What greater Pleasure can a man have, than to have the free leave of his Wife to take his Lopes for fifteen days together, and then to come a hand-gallop home agen to give her all the Content and Satisfaction she can Desire, to the great Joy of both Parties, and the next Morning, to take a lusty Beverage of Yolks of Eggs, Sugar, Saffron, Cinamon, and strong Wine? by which you may find that the French Men and Women in *Provence* know what's good for themselves. This Course of Life will cause a Man's

Wife to Embrace him like an Angel, and to shew him a Thousand other friendly Entertainments beyond Imagination : 'Twill be always in the Evening, *My Dear, come to Bed* ; and in the Morning, *Love, lie a little longer* : If these are not Pleasures, I know not what Pleasures they are that these Despisers of Matrimony would have.

But if Justice get the upper hand, and that it comes to pass that the Man is acquitted, can there be a greater Satisfaction to a Man than to find that he has a whole Jury of Women of his side, and that he passes for *rectus in Curia*, from one end of the Parish to the other ? But what Proof of this ? Proof sufficient, the Women have examined the Case, and they find her of a Temper either too cold or too hot ; too profuse or too scanty — Nature must be tamed or excited, ——— to which purpose the young Woman must take Physick, and that taking of Physick is like the School Argument, *Either so, or so, but not so ; Therefore* : Now I think 'tis a very great Pleasure of Matrimony, for a Man to have such a Plea for himself : A thousand times better for a Man to put it to the Test and Tryal of a due Course of Physick than to the Examination of the Court of Arches,

Arches, where a Man must be exposed to the Tryal of forcing Nature before a Company of Persons of his own Sex; enough to daunt the Impudency, and quell the Vigour of *Hercules* himself. — The Cheesemonger and his Wife took a far wiser Course; for they by their Industry having scraped a pretty Estate together, but not able to get a Child between them to Inherit their Labours, after having been many years married, at length they grew very melancholly to think they should die Issueless; at last the Woman (for had it not began there, the Plot had been spoiled) began to consider where the fault lay, but not being able to determine it her self, quoth she to her Husband, *William*, — Well Honey, quoth he, — We are blest with an Estate, quoth she, but we have neither Heir, nor Heiress to leave it to. — That's no fault of mine, quoth the Husband. — Nay, Husband, quoth she, that's the point to be try'd. — Try'd I quoth the Husband, — how shall we try it more than we have done? Why look thee, Husband, I have a conceit in my Head, quoth she, — Ay Wife, quoth he, but a thousand conceits i' thy Head will never make one Child. — Nay, Husband, pray hear me, quoth she, I have a conceit, —

my Head, if thou and I can agree —  
 Why VVife, quoth he, thou knowest I have  
 in all things been guided by thee. Why  
 then Husband, quoth she, thou knowest, that  
 we have been long married in vain; for  
 we cannot get a Child, though all ways and  
 means have been used between us —  
 'Tis too true, Wife, quoth the Husband —  
 Why then, quoth the Wife, for the Satis-  
 faction of both, if thou wilt agree, I am  
 content with all my heart, do thou choose  
 out a Companion, for thy Hamour, and  
 I'll find out another to mine, and whether  
 I am got with Child, or thou gettest the  
 Child, we'll resolve both to keep it as  
 our own. The Husband was overjoyed  
 at his Wife's Contrivance, and took his  
 Maid, a good brisk Wench; the Wife  
 was pleased at her Husband's Condescen-  
 sion, and made choice of her Journey-man —  
 And now 'twas presently discovered where  
 the Fault lay, the Journey-man laboured  
 in vain, but the Maid was unmaiden'd,  
 and brought to Bed of a brave Boy. Bobs,  
 there was joy in the Family, but the Neigh-  
 bours were disgruntled, and the Church-  
 Wardens would have the Master and the  
 Maid *Coram Nobis*. No, quo the VVife,  
 there's no Occasion for this, quoth she to  
 the Magistrate, all Parties acted by consent,  
 and

and my Husband and I take the Child for our own; and are resolved to keep it as our own, and what has any body to say to't? It may be thought that many such Tryals as these would prevent a world of Drs. Commons Law, and preserve thousands of Families in peace and tranquillity free from Heart burnings, and continual mutterings and grumblings between the good Man and the Woman. Here the Husband had the pleasure of his Maid, and the Mistress of her Man; the Child was the Master's own, and the Maid bestowed it upon her Mistress, the Mistress owned the Gift, and the Maid was ready tryed for another: So far from being the discomfort of Marriage, that it was the only Comfort the Husband and Wife had had, during the whole time of their Wedlock.

However 'tis concluded, that the young Woman shall try the experiment of Physick; the Female Cabal will have it so, and so it must be. Immediately all the Quack-Bills are examined, and a French Doctor is sent for, and no sooner is he sent to, but he comes flying with his *Scrâpes* and his *Cringes*, his *Madames* and *Begars*, his *me doe uss*, and *me do dat*; *me cause your Physick make a de shield upon your Boodee to le's den carry away.* — which cannot choose but



but be a great Recreation to the Husband, especially if he be melancholly : But the chiefest pleasure is that the Man must still try the Operation of the Physick, which though it tye him a little too hard to duty, yet it must needs augment the Pleasure of Matrimony extreamly : If her Dyet be toothsome and dainty, as, if the French Doctor be no Fool, he seldom prescribes other, the Husband has his share, and that is still another pleasure ; nay, it may so happen that the French Doctor may kill her with his Potions and Lotions, and then he has the Accomplishment of all the Pleasures of Matrimony, which is to bury her and marry another.

If the choice of a grave dissembling Hypocrite of a Midwife better please the young Woman, the Husband shall then have Pleasures of another sort ; for then the old Matron will tittle and talk bawdy with him till her Chin drop in her bosom ; the Comfort is ; her Physick is all heartning, she quenches no flames, especially those of Love ; she abominates the use of Rue, Hemlock, and the four Cold Seeds : All this while the young Man takes Care that his young Wife want nothing to welcome her Chamber-Visitants, and he tells her himself to boot, that it is his chiefest delight

has in the World to please her. Lastly, if all this cost does not agree with the Constitution of the Husbands Cash, 'tis but retiring into *White-Friars*, and laughing at his Creditors, and there's another Comfort of Matrimony.

*VI. The Young Woman proves with Child; with an Account of the Lying in, and how the young Springal is overjoyed at his Wives making him a Father.*

**B**UT there are some People who are never contented full nor fasting; if a young Woman long for a Child, and to be a Woman like the rest of her Neighbours, this must be taken as a Torment of Matrimony. If a Woman be pregnant and bear Children, Matrimony must be bann'd and rail'd at for that. What shall we do to please these Impertinents? they pretend that in this case there are many Contrivances, many Stratagems, many Collusions and evil Counsels of Gossips, that make the Poor Man's Night-Cap sit uneasie. Though let me tell you, if Matrimony in this particular have any thing unpleasant and uncomfortable in it, 'tis the Woman feels it that bears the Child, and not the Man that gets it.

VVould

Would they have her do as the Maid if ( I may so call her ) did, that sent her new marry'd Husband a Dog trot for the Midwife upon her Wedding-night : 'Tis true, the Woman sav'd her Husband a whole years expence : And what said one of the Gossips to him, when she was brought to Bed ? Courage Neighbour, you may be sure this is ripe Fruit, for you see it falls without shaking the Tree. The poor fellow knew not what to think of it, but went away shaking his Head, and complain'd to one of his Neighbours. And what said he ? Why Faith, more cold Comfort still ; Oh Neighbour, quoth he, you ought to be very carefull of this Child, for I foresee, he will one day become a great Captain, that was able to force the Barricado's so soon, before you made your Approaches to the Place. This as I said before was a saving Wife indeed ; but her Husband had better have born the whole year's expence, than have suffer'd the single Night's reproach. *Two five but and*  
 But here's a Woman that goes out her lawfull Time, undergoes all the toils and hardships of Child-bearing and Delivery, and all the Maledictions of Primitive Disobedience, and because she only seeks for some Alleviation of her Pains and nipping Torments,

Torments, must be deem'd to render Matrimony a Nuisance to Mankind. Had Men been to have endured what Women suffer, 'tis to be question'd whether they would have endur'd what Women brook with so much patience. What a yelling did *Jupiter* keep when he carry'd *Minerva* in his Jobber-nole? And had he not been a God, do you think it had been possible for him to have carry'd such a Load of a stammel Jade as *Pallas* Arm'd Cap-a-pe, in Steel, so long in his Head, so that he was forc'd to have his Head cleft with a Butcher's Cleaver to deliver himself of his Burthen and the Head-ach together. But 'twas the first and the last time, he thank'd ye, that ever you should find him take the same trouble upon him again.

You never heard but of one Man, and he, they say, was an *Italian* Painter, who was made believe by a Company of *Crack-ropes* of his familiar Acquaintance, that he was with Child; this poor Man was so apprehensive of the torments and pangs of his future Delivery, that tho' he had but one single hundred pound in the World, he gave it all to a Physician for a distill'd Water of fat Capons, dissolv'd *Borax*, and some other Ingredients, to ease him of his burthen

burthen ; by which means, tho' not without some Trouble, he was brought to Bed before his time, of a living Cushion. And I must tell ye, that the Fellow that had his Brother growing out of his side found it an unmercifull trouble to hug him about from Fair to Fair, as he was forced to do.

For you must know, that if Midwives and Women with Child speak truth, and I'm sure there's no Body can contradict 'em, the rowling and Tumbling of the little *Embryo* twinges 'em every moment ; the Qualms of Breeding run through every Vein of a Woman's Body, more particularly affecting the Stomach, and occasioning that squeamish Niceness of Appetite, that requires a more delicate and agreeable nourishment and refreshment as well for the Infant, as the breeding Woman. Besides, Nature being busily employ'd in the framing of a new Creature, produces strange Operations in the Fancy, and Imagination of the Woman, which if not satisfi'd with the Enjoyment of those Objects which the Fancy has fixed upon, is the occasion many times of great Detriment to the Mother by frequent miscarriage, and disfigurement to the Child. And then it is, that the time is come for



a Woman to try the Affection of her Husband, who would be thought the most unkind person in the world, to venture the Life of his Dearest Consort, and the loss of the Fruits of all his Nocturnal Labour for the want of two or three plump Partridges, or the Corner of a Venison-Pasty, especially when he can but ask and have; for all Men and Women where ever he comes are ready to gratifie the Longings of a Big-belly'd Wife; every Body asks her what she would have, every body asks her where she likes, and bids her please her self.

Of two very large Pomegranates that were provided for an Entertainment of the King at *Guild Hall*, a Big-belly'd Gentlewoman Long'd for one, and they were forc'd to give it, or else she would have swooned away: And therefore 'tis Non-sence to blame a Woman for gadding abroad, and prowling among her Neighbours at such a Time as this; and 'tis the cheapest way for the Husband too to carry her up and down from place to place where e'er he can smell a good bit. It would be an unreasonable Mercy shown to his pamper'd Gelding; nay, though it were to the Soles of his Feet, to grutch the trudging, though it were Ten Miles

Miles on foot, to obtain the slight satisfaction of a bit extraordinary, which he may have for fetching, if the Stewards of the Feast be not mere *Nababs*, to gratifie a tender Wife, suffering for the sake of his own Pleasure: Or, if it please her better to have it of his own purchasing, How the Devil can he lay out his Money with more delight? for certainly if there be any content in the Delicacy of Viands, the happiness must be strangely enhaunc'd, when a Man partakes it with his VVife in such a Condition: He is both her Husband and her Physician; he has broken her Head and now he gives her a Plaister, he was the occasion of her pain, and now he gives her ease; for a Man can have no greater joy in Matrimony than to give that Physick to his grunting VVife, his best Companion, and his dearest Friend, of which he partakes himself with so much pleasure. If she will eat Chalk let her have it, for besides that, it is impossible to stemm the Tyde of VVomen's Longing; that which the Mother Longs for, never hurts the Infant: And we find that in *Effex* they feed their young Calves with Milk and Chalk, to make their flesh look white; which may be the reason, for ought a Man knows, that his VVife longs for Chalk to make the  
 little

little Calf in her Belly look white skinn'd  
when it comes into the VWorld.

'Tis but a requisite piece of Gratitude  
to indulge the Palate of a Teeming VVo-  
man, and to alleviate the bitter Throes  
and Pangs of Conception and Maturation,  
with the slender Nay, though it were with  
the more costly Gratification of a few  
Kick shaws, well knowing how great the  
return of the Fruit will be at the end of  
her Time: If nothing less will serve her  
than a VVash-Bowl of Claret, if she has a  
mind to confound a whole Sieve of *Kentish*  
Cherries, or to deprive a Roasting Pig of  
both his Ears, and to gnaw them off up-  
on her Knees from the Spit; if she have a  
mind to swallow a whole Rundlet of  
*Brunswick* Mum at a sitting, 'tis better to  
let her have her desires than suffer the fatal  
Consequences of a Denial: For there  
is no Man in the VVorld would be glad to  
see his Daughter stick upon his hands, e-  
very way else handsome, tall, and well  
proportion'd, only as ill luck will have it,  
because she has got a Hair Lip; for that  
VVoman can never give her Husband a full  
Kiss when she wants a piece of the kissing  
part: Or who would be willing to see a  
Red Spot over-spreading his Son's Cheek,  
as if Nature had wrapt up all that side of  
his

his Face in natural Scarlet, for a continual pain in his Gums ? and all this for want of disbursing the price of a Quart of early Mulberries ; or of a pittifull Forty Shillings worth of green Pease in *April* : Men never consider the Crowns and Angels they throw away at the Swan in *Old Fish-street*, in Oysters and Codheads ; their Collations at the *Rummer* with Salmon and Old-Hock ; their Hashes and Pottages at the *Bear* in *Birchen-Lane*, while they grudge the poor Teeming Woman, under the affliction of their nocturnal Satisfaction, the bare Solace of a single Coney, and a Penny Manchet.

Men must acknowledge, that Women have done them a most extraordinary kindness to ease them of that ponderous weight of Infant-Carriage ; and therefore since they have all the trouble, 'tis fit they should have some Retaliation and Alleviation of their Pain.

They say those Apples eat the sweetest where the Birds have been pecking before hand ; and it may be, that was the Reason that the Lady long'd for a piece of raw Horse-flesh, seeing a great number of Crows so heartily at Breakfast upon the Carrion ; however, she resolv'd to share with 'em, and sent her Coachman to cut her off a

fine,

fine, delicate fat piece, as if he were to have Carv'd for himself. You may be sure the Fellow pick'd out the choicest Bit he could find, and the Lady eat it up without Bread or Salt, with such an Appetite, that she rather seem'd to devour than eat it. This was a Tartarian sort of Diet, yet had the Lady been deny'd it, she might perhaps have been deliver'd of some strange Horse-fac'd Creature or other, to the great Scandal of her ancient Family.

As extravagant was that Big-belly'd Haberdasher's Wife, that nothing would serve her but to ride on Kock-horse, as I may say, at one time upon the Elephant, and another time to bestride *Tam Dove* at the Bear-Garden: Yet had her humour been contradicted, she might either have brought forth a Boy with a *Probofess*; or, a Daughter with a Bears Snout.

But when a Woman longs for nothing but what is Laudable, Edible, Potable, Comfortable, good for the Head, good for the Back, good for the Belly, good for the Reins, good for every thing, as *China Oranges*, *Sevil Limons*, *Asparagus*, *Cherries*, *Strawberries*, with their Appurtenances, *Peaches*, *Apricocks*, *Nectarines*, *Muskmelons*, *Winter Boon-Chrestiens*, *Pearmains* and *Pippins* of all sorts: Wall-



Wall-nuts, Grapes, &c. for Drinks, Rhenish Wine, Old-Hock, Vin de Paris, Frontignac, Porto-port, Canary, Red or White Florence, Syder, Perry, Ale and Sugar, Mum; 'twere the most unnatural thing in the World to deny her any of these things. Trifles——Trifles——for a Man to deny his Wife in her Condition: 'Tis to be question'd whether an Indictment do not lie in the Case; whether it be not a piece of Self-Murder to let Bone of his Bone, and Flesh of his Flesh, and his own Flesh and Bloud with that Flesh and Bones to perish altogether, Wife and Fruit of her Womb, for want of a Pippin or two; the Devil's in't if she long for 'em all together——that's impossible——and for a single Treat, there's not any one of all these Rarities to be valu'd with the pleasure a Man takes to please his Wife.

If she long for a Mouthfull of green Ginger, or a pound of Mackaroons, or a few preserved Wall-Nuts in the middle of the Night, what a piece of business is it for her Husband to go and knock up the Confit-Maker? He may do it with as good Authority, as if he had a Warrant for it with a Seal i' the Margent: Who knows what Reason the Woman has for her longing, and what a lucky Hit the Husband may

may meet with for his loving Sedulity ? A Souldier once upon a time, I mean one of those that used to hire themselves out upon the Train'd-Bands, asked leave of his Captain then upon the Guard, to let him go home in a cold Frosty-Night, and lie with his Wife ; the Captain was civil, away goes the Souldier, unlocks the Door of his mean Habitation, and up he mounts in the dark to his Wives Chamber, and it was come so near to the point, that the Souldier had flung his Breeches upon the Bed, almost ready to step in, but his Wife was taken with such a sudden Qualm, that unless he fetched her a Cordial immediately, she was a dead Woman ; and so well she counterfeited her pangs, that the Souldier believing his Wife to be at Death's door, snatched up his Breeches again, as he thought, put 'em on, away he flew to the next Apothecary, What would he have ? Why a Cordial, ——— What Cordial ? Any Cordial, so far as Ten-pence would go, to save his Wife's Life, for he had but a Shilling, and he was willing to reserve Two pence for his Morning's draught. Thereupon the Apothecary gave him a small Cordial ; but when he went to pay for it, instead of a Shilling, he found a whole Nest of Half-Crowns ready fledg'd,

F

in

in another Pocket he met with a brood of Guinea's newly hatched; and feeling a little farther, he found a Gold Watch, and then the Souldier knew what a Clock 'twas. In the mean time his Wife's Companion had made his Escape with the single shilling'd Trouzers, and the Souldier returned with the Cordial; but then to his great Consolation he found his Wife recovered, and so kind, that she bid him make use of the Cordial himself, for she had no need of it. And thus you see how Fortune favours Husbands that are so kind to their Wives as to fetch 'em at Midnight what they long for; and therefore let no Man grutch when his Wife is in a longing fit, let it be never so late and dark, to go and fetch his Wife a Cordial, or any other sweet Jim-crack she calls for.

Nor let any Man Object, that many times 'tis no real Longing of the Woman but her Liqueurish Appetite that makes her so five-mouthed, and so craving after this and t'other Dainty; but who shall be judge of that? the Woman is with Child, the Woman is Sick, and what she suffers there no body can tell but her self. However the Endurance of pain and torment that is like to bring the advantage of Issue, ought to be recompensed to the full. And therefore

It is not the Kindness of a loving Husband  
in procuring his VVife the Satisfaction of  
her Longing, and the Alleviations of her  
Misery, that can disquiet him, but the pay-  
ing through the Nose for a Bastard, and the  
Subjection he lives in, to the Concealers of  
his Ignominy, that cause fermentation in  
his Thoughts, and make his Life uneasy  
to him.

VIII. Provision for lying in, and the Appurte-  
nances belonging to it, with beher Remarks  
must be known by a young Man that intends  
to alter his Condition.

Certainly if some Men might have  
their VVill, I mean these Despisers of  
Matrimony, VVomen were in the worst  
condition of all Creatures, for Nature has  
taught the Birds of the Air, against they are  
ready to Lie in, to frame their Bed Cham-  
bers with that Art and Curiosity, to make  
their Beds, and draw their Curtain about  
them with so much Neatness and Artifice,  
that their Nurseries seem to be so many  
petty Palaces; and the VVinds themselves  
are forced to rock the Cradles of their  
young ones: But VVomen must neither be  
got with Child, nor taken care of while  
they are breeding, nor provided for, against  
their

their Delivery. 'Tis true indeed, when we see a poor woman reduced to that miserable shift as to be Deliver'd in a Rage, we are apt to believe that the woman misses somewhat of Matrimonies pleasure; but then again we take her for some forlorn Creature abandon'd by all Mankind, and forsaken even by Charity it self.

But we find all Creatures as Nature instructs 'em, making some Provision or other against their Delivery; the Male doing his, and the Female her Duty in all respects; only women must shift for themselves; for after the Men have once got 'em with Child, they have nothing to do but to drink and guttle, and whore and roar, or if they will be such Fools to compassionate the sufferings of their VVives, this must be look'd upon as the disturbance and Inconvenience of Matrimony.

But these upholders of Paradoxes consider not, that in the same Chamber where the VVife Lies in, the Effect of the Husband's Manhood comes to light; and would you have the Parents want a great Candle or two, to see what God has sent 'em? Man is Born naked, all other Creatures come into the VVorld with their Cloaths on, and these Cloths grow as they grow, without the help of Taylors



and Coat-sellers. Do you think it is not greatly for the Reputation of the Man, that his VVife has been with Child, and that she is Deliver'd at length of a lusty Boy? Suppose it be a Girl, that Girl may bring Boys in time; for so the VVorld goes round. The name of *Da Da* is now as pretty a pleasing name as Mr. *Bridsgroom* was before. VVhy, we have heard of many Fathers of Children, that have been Fathers of Nations, and the first VVife has had always equal respect with the first Husband. Believe me, in some cases the word *Mother*, goes a great deal farther than the word *Father*, in point of Veneration; for without a *Mother* the *Father* might have shaken his heels to little purpose. The Man has nothing to do but to get the Child, and then his work's done. 'Tis true, if the Man were to breed and bear the Child, as *Daniel Bauhis* the French-man did, then the Provision were to be made for him; but in regard it is the general Custom, which never can be alter'd, the Provision must be made for them that bear the Brunt of the day. 'Tis the greatest piece of Injustice in the VVorld for the Men to think to have all the Caudles and Panada's to themselves, and the Women do all the work. No, the Women need it, they lose Blood and Spirits, the

Men lose nothing but what they are most willing to part with. Now as the VWomen win the greatest Honour, so ought they to have the more VVorship, which VVorship consists in the Provision made for her Lying in, as making a Distinction between her and Ordinary VWomen. 'Tis true there are some men, that when from a poor and low Degree, they come to be advanced to vast preferment, love to boast the meanness of the Place where they were Born. As *Sixtus* the Fifth when he came to be Pope, was wont to brag how he came of an illustrious house, because his Parents were so Poor, that the VValls of the Chamber where his Mother Lay in, were so battered and torn, that the Sun came in on every side at a thousand holes. But you may be sure the VWoman would have had a better Accommodation if she could.

VWomen have always an Ambition to equal one another, and when a VWoman begins to find her self with Child, she shall have Tutresses enow to tell her what she wants. VWomen also have a natural inclination to Neatness and Gaiety, which Custome has so encreased, that now you shall hardly meet a VWoman in the Street, without a Lac'd Petticoat: And

Men

Men must accommodate themselves to the Honour and Fashion of the Times. Besides there's the Grandmother, a wife and understanding VWoman, and she best knows what's fitting for her Daughter. All things put together, there is such a Connexion of Occasions and Reasons, back'd with such Female Arguments on all sides, that there is all the Reason that the VWoman should desire what she would have, and have what she desires.

Moreover it may so happen that the VWoman may wear the Breeches; and it is not to be imagined but that if she wears the Breeches, she wears the Pockets too; and then if she says she will have it, who shall hinder her; However Fair and Softly is better than Ran-dan; Son, (quo the Grand-mother, that is to be) you see that your VVife, my Daughter, is with Child, you also know what a Portion you had with her; you know she has a great many Good Relations and Friends that will come to Visit her, and I should be sorry that any Daughter of mine should Lye-In like a Porters VVife——Mother, cries the young man——Hold Son, quo the Grand-mother——not that I suspect any such thing of my Daughter——But,

Son, you are lookt upon to have had a good Estate with my Daughter, and I am sure you had a better than *Mr.*——had with his Wife. She Lay-in t'other day, and I'll assure ye, Son, she had all things very decent about her: It will procure you much respect, if you order it so, that my Daughter may be nothing behind her, but rather above her, for there will be notable notice taken. As therefore you have acted like a Husband, you are now to act like a Father. VVho now could resist such convincing Arguments as these? For when a Matron of a Wife's Mother speaks to the Husband of the Daughter, 'tis as if the Sibyl were talking to *Aeneas* about his Journey to Hell, or the wise woman of *Delphos* were giving Counsel to *Solon* about the Laws of *Athens*; all Gravity, and all Unanswerable.

To this the Son makes Answer, Mother you know I understand nothing of these things, and therefore I leave all to your management——But, Mother, pray be as sparing as you can——Sparing! answers the mother, why did you ever know me to be otherwise? I don't speak, Mother, for that; replies the Son——but——But! why Son, I thought you had had a better opinion of me——I'll assure ye,

ye, Son, I have sav'd you above Forty pounds, by giving her two such Suits of Child-bed Linen already, that the best Alderman's VVife i<sup>n</sup> the Parish need not be ashamed of—But, Kether—I think I have done a Mothers part——I don't question it, Mother——replies the young Man——Pray Mother, do what you think fit.

Thus you see you may as well Butt against the City VVall, as Butt against a VVives Mother; for the Mother always sides with the Daughter. However, hitherto, the Shooe comes on without a Coney-skin; all's easie and gentle. Here's no Plague of Matrimony yet to be discover'd. VVell——proceed——

Suppose the young Man and his Bigg-Belly'd VVife now a Bed together——Laud, my Dear (quo she) had I known Marriage had been so chargeable, I believe thou couldst never have won me——VVhat charges? my Dear, cries the young Man——Laud——my Mother tells me of so many things I shall want, that she makes me e'en Mad——VVhat things, cries her Husband.——my Mocher——Laud——my Mother makes me almost wild; she tells me I must have a new Bed——Oh now I think on't, cries her Husband; I know where there is a fine Damask Bed to be



sold at second Hand, I believe 'twill come  
 for a small matter; I dare say for less than  
 half that it cost — ~~and so~~ Foh, cries the  
 young Woman, I have heard say, the Lad-  
 dies at t'other end of the Town use a great  
 deal of Paint, and a great many Washes,  
 and these Paints and Washes leave such a  
 smell behind in the Beds — ~~and so~~ Foh —  
 I'll have no second Hand Beds — ~~and so~~ Whuh!  
 is that all? cries the Husband, then we'll  
 have a new one, my Dear — ~~and so~~ New Da-  
 mask Beds grow in every Upholsterers shop  
 in *Cornhill* — ~~and so~~ in the mean time let's  
 go to sleep, and talk of these things to-  
 Morrow. Where's the disturbance? of  
 Marriage in all this? Here's nothing but  
 Language from the Wife as calm and  
 smooth as Cream in a Milk-bowl, and the  
 Man condescending in all things. ~~and so~~  
 Next Morning comes the Mother a-  
 gain. Truly, Son, quoth she, I have been  
 Studying all this Night to save Charges —  
 I have been thinking and considering eve-  
 ry way, but I can find no way to save the  
 Expences of a new Bed — ~~and so~~ But the first  
 time, and 'twill be for your Credit to have  
 all things new — ~~and so~~ But whether a  
 Damask, or a Fine Cloth Bed, that's the  
 thing that troubles me — ~~and so~~ but let the  
 Bed be what it will, we must have all *Calli-*

ent for the first Fortnight, both within and  
 without—the *Calicut* therefore, must be  
 bought in the first place—how much  
*Calicut* d'ye think will serve? quoth the  
 Son—Why truly, Son, quo the Mother,  
 I believe about a Mile's Length's worth  
 will serve—very good, Mother, cries  
 the Husband—Then there must be  
 Chairs and Cushions correspondent—I  
 knew a Parson that would not pray  
 with a Sick Body that was just recommen-  
 ding her Soul to Heaven, because the  
 poor Woman had ne'er a Cushion for him  
 to kneel upon; much less will our Parson  
 that rustles in Silk, Christen your Child  
 without an Extraordinary Cushion. Then  
 there must be (for these are things that can-  
 not be avoided) a Crimson Satin Mantle  
 with a Gold and Silver Lace, as broad—  
 heark ye, Son—as broad as your—you  
 know what. For that's the Rule we go  
 by—so that when the Gossips see the  
 breadth of the Lace upon the Mantle, they  
 readily guess at the length of the Man's  
 you know what—Son: So that 'tis for  
 your Credit Son, to have a broad Lace up-  
 on your Child's Mantle. I confess I had  
 a very fine one of my own, and my Daugh-  
 ter should have had it with all my heart—  
 but I lent it out to a Lady, and she had the  
 Grace

Grace never to let me have it again. And then what think ye, Son, of a Court Cup-board cover'd with Silver Tankards and Candle Cups; by my Troth, and if the Warming-Pan were of the same Metal 'twere so much the better, and I'll give Forty Shillings towards it my self. There should be also for the Christ'ning day a large pair of *Holland* Sheets, with a deep *Flanders*, or fine *Hunilton* Lace, and I think the last will do well enough—for I would not put ye, Son, to any more Charge than needs must—besides, Son, these are Charges but once in your Life, when they are done with, they are laid up in Lavender till the next time, unless you shall think fit to make any Alteration. I confess there must be a new Gown against the first time your Wife goes abroad—that's all the reason i'the World—for she's a new Woman, and a new Woman ought to have a new Gown. One thing, Son, I had almost forgot, which is to give you some hint concerning your Belly Provision. There must be fine Sugar enough for your Wives use and the Nurse to Steal—for Nurses will be Thieves for their Bellies, do what you can; besides Sack and Old Malaga for your Wives and the Nurses Mornings Draught. Then for

for your general Entertainments, they must be correspondent to the Splendour of your Wives Chamber. But be sure there be no want of Neats-Tongues and *Westphalia* Hamms; let there be Piles of Oranges and Limons, and Mountains of *Wood-street* Plumm Cakes; let the *Spanish* and *French* Juices run, till the Men tumble down Stairs, and the Women grow merry, and then your Reputation will be spread from one end of the Ward to the other. 'Tis true, I heard of a Vintner that bestowed Forty Pounds upon the Sprinkling of his Child, as the Quaker calls it, and then Broke: and his Wife and Children were returned back to the Wife's Friends like so many *Bramingham* Groats: But Son, that's no Precedent for you, do you take my Advice, and my Blessing, and we shall never want these little Toys that I speak of.

By my Troth a most moderate Bill—— and all this while Money's worth for Money laid out. Why certainly no Man, that was not a meer Miser, ever took it ill, to see his house well furnished. Nor did any Man ever think it an Inconvenience of Marriage, to retaliate the Kindness of his Wife's Visitants with Gossips usual and customary diet. He that will have

have God-fathers and God-mothers to his mind, that will be Liberal to the Midwife and Nurse, and give the Child a piece of Plate at the Months end, must bribe high; Necklaces of Pearl, Gold Watches and broad Lac'd Petticoats will not come to Ordinary Gossipings. And therefore they that make these Expences the Discomforts of Matrimony, are a sort of morose Libertines, that desire an End of the World for want of lawfull Procreation. For they are such necessary and incumbent expences to the act of Generation, that you may as well separate the Sea from the Mouth of a River, as part Expence from the Chamber of Delivery. Besides that Man is Lord of the World, and of all the Creatures, and therefore it is fit, that as much of the Creature as may be should attend him at his first entry. Besides, this is the only time that a Woman has a little pleasure in her Life. For ten Months Languishing in Misery and Torture, one Month of a little Transitory delight; a great piece of business indeed. Now she enjoys for a short time, Heaven knows the Fruits of her tedious sufferings; now she has her Friends about her, now she has her fine things and her attendance about her like a little Princess; but no so-



ner up again, but she mast to her Old Trade of grunting and groaning. Where's the Justice of Men, to deny a poor woman one Months Consolation in Twelve? The Man must be mad that takes the Mirth and Jollity of his Neighbours and Friends Careless of his Wife and the Pains of Delivery for the Dis comforts of Matrimony. For were it nothing else, the very Child she has brought forth is worth ten times the value of the Expence. For who knows but that she has made him the Father of a Prince, or some Victorious General, for which Posterity will honour him? Nay, who knows but that she has brought forth a Martyr? and then she has not only replenish'd the Earth, but added to the number of the Saints. And now let the World judge whether to be the Father of a great Captain, or a glorious Martyr, be not worth a Silk Fringe, and a Basket or two of Sevil Oranges.

2 However let the worst come to the worst, here's a Man-child born, and it has been the Custom of all Nations to rejoice for the Birth of a Man-child. Suppose a man had a Comfit-maker for his Tenant, How should he pay his Rent, but by the Advantage of Christenings? Then for Gos-sips to meet, nay to meet at a Christening or

of a Lying-in, and not talk; you may as well damm up the Arches of *London Bridge* as stop their Mouths at such a time. 'Tis a Time when Women like Parliament-men, have a Priviledge to talk Petty-Treason against their Husband. And he's an Ignoramus of a husband, that will not pass an Act of Oblivion for the Trespasses of a Christening Banquet.

Oh! But Midwives and Nurses! What of them? Why they are to be reckoned among the Intollerable Grievances of Matrimony. Their Reason? Why because the wife is nice in her choice, and refuses one for being too young, another too old, a third too Clumsey-fisted, a fourth too Talkative, and a fifth Tipples too much: And can ye blame a woman for being wary and deliberative, in a matter of such importance as the concern of her Life. Rather the Husband ought to be pleas'd with the discretion of his wife that labours to bar such Nuisances from approaching his Family, seeking only the necessary Assistance of Gravity and Stay'dness? And what if she be as coy in the choice of her Nurse, knowing the Generality of those sort of Cattel, to be either Sluts or Lazy Jades, Liquorish Carrions, Thieves or Careless Tiplers of Strong Drink? Certainly it  
shews

shows the wisdom of the woman which cannot but be a great pleasure to her Husband. And thus you see that all the preparations to the Lying-in, instead of being grievances, become the greatest pleasures of mankind. Clean Rooms, fine Furniture, delicate Food, Rich Wine, Good Company, and a wife contented, which consummates all the rest.

VIII. *The Woman falls in Labour, is happily Deliver'd, with a Mess of the Gossips Discourse thereupon.*

**W**ELL! What's the matter now? Why 'tis about one of the Clock in the morning, and dark as Pitch; and the man lies as fast, as if he had swallow'd *Opium*; but we must wake him out of his sweet Slumbers with a Vengeance. For the woman begins to feel the Pangs of Travel come upon her, and therefore there's no lying any longer for him. No Be dads he must up and be stirring: Here's another sort of Night-work now, not so pleasing as his first Enjoyments. And now the Trade begins, up stairs, down stairs, hurry this way, hurry that way; fetch my Mother, *Will*: And run to the Midwife, *Tom*: Away flies the Husband himself into the

the Street, and falls a knocking, at the  
Neighbours Doors, as if the next Street  
were on Fire. Well——— and what of all  
this? This is to divest a Man of all Cha-  
rity and Humanity: When a Woman is  
surpriz'd with the Pangs and Tortures of  
Travel, for a Husband to grutch his ri-  
sing once a Year i the Night, and going  
with a Watch-man before him a Mile or  
two to fetch a Midwife. This were to de-  
spoil a Man of all good Nature, to per-  
swade a Man to deny his Wife the assistance  
of her Neighbours and Friends in the most  
grievous necessities of all their Lives. Sure-  
ly these People would have Women only  
Stamp and Yean like Ewes. A hard Case  
that Women shall be depriv'd of the Con-  
solation of Society in their highest Distres-  
ses! Women, that were ever such Lovers  
of Company, that if possible, they never  
go to the Necessary House, but in Pairs.  
'Tis the main distinction between an Ho-  
nest Woman and a Baggage, that the one  
is never ashamed to be deliver'd in a full  
Assembly of her own Sex; the other al-  
ways sneaks into Holes and Corners to be  
Deliver'd alone by her self. And therefore  
one would think a Man should be so far  
from believing it a trouble to have his  
Wife well attended at her Labour, that

he should rather count it a pleasure to trot about far and near at such a time for her Service. One would think it should be a great pleasure to a Man to see his Wife respected and belov'd by her Neighbours, all gather'd about her in their Night-Balls, and obedient to the Directions of the Midwife, and happy is she that can be employ'd to warm a Clout for the Service of the Woman in Labour. You would swear you saw that Great Maxime of Morality, *Do as you would be done by*, there truly put in execution.

By and by the Woman is Deliver'd, and safely put to Bed; and then away runs the Nurse to carry the joyfull Tydings to the Father, of what God has sent him. Tell him of taking the *Bridge of Effeck*, what cares he? The Nurses news is ten times more gratefull to him than the taking a hundred *Bridges of Effeck*. And this he repays by his liberally rewarding the Nurse for her pleasing Intelligence. For he's a Man of Generosity, and does not do as that *Hunk* did, who when the Midwife brought him the News of a Son born, slid an *Edward* Sixpence into her hand, for which she dropt him a *Curchee*, thinking it had been half a *Jacobus*. But when he came to see what it was, she gave him such a Report



Report, that he had better have hang'd himself, but that his Wretchedness made him Impudent and Laughter proof.

And then to go into the Chamber, and hear the Charm of Gossips talking over the New-born Baby, and crying, *Father's own Child, Father's own Likeness*, at the same time attesting the Honesty of his Wife and his own Abilities; and then giving him joy of his Lovely Son; a Man would contemn the Morning Salutes of a Bevy of Nightingales on a *May-day* Morning, for the Musick of such welcomes of his Child into the world. All the Harmony of the Wates and Fiddles that wak'd him on the Morning of his Bridal Night, could be nothing to it. And thus you see him trebly rewarded in a Moment for all his four or five hours trotting in the dark before. And therefore they that make it such an Annoyance of Marriage for a Man to be wak'd out of his sleep at Midnight to fetch the Midwife, are clear beside the Cushion; a sort of unmercifull, uncompassionate, pitiless Wretches. And I dare say, there's not one of these inhumane Barbarians that are so chary of their sleep, but would run ten Mile a foot i<sup>n</sup> the Dark to steal a Fat Buck, or to rob a Fish-Pond.

IX. *The Woman is laid, and what follows  
after that, as to their Entertainment, &c.*

**B**Ut now 'tis time for the young Man to shew his Breeding, and be civil to his Gossips. Out comes a fair Cheese and Plumb-Cake, hold Belly hold; and to wash it down a round Bowl of *East-India* Punch. Fall on Neighbours, cries the happy Father, here's to you all, and I thank ye for your Kindness to my Wife. And this is counted another disturbance of Wedlock. Surely we live in a strange Age, my Masters, when Common Civility must be thought a Nuisance of Marriage. As if a Man could do less than give a civil Treatment to a company of civil Neighbours and Friends, that left their warm Beds, and their Husbands, at Midnight, some of them perhaps before they were half Down-diddled, in pure kindness to his Wife.

Now suppose the Women do talk a little merrily over their Cups to their new Father; they know he has known woman, and understands something of *Aristotle's* Problems. Surely it cannot but be a great pleasure to hear himself Applauded and Commended, tho' it be a little Smuttily, for the vigour of his Parts, and that he has  
won

won himself such notable Divulgers of his  
 Reputation. I have heard say, (says the  
 Midwife) there have been Laws made in  
 some Countrys, that if a woman found  
 her Husband Impotent, she might make  
 choice of her most likely of her next a Kin.  
 But Heavens be prais'd, there is no need of  
 those Laws in this Family——Here  
 Son, here's to the next——and then she  
 drinks of a clever *Supernaculum*. Ha, Mo-  
 ther, (quo the new Father) you do well to  
 encourage a young Gamester——I confess  
 (replies the Midwife) I like a Man that  
 performs his work within the Year——  
 Such a Man's like to be a good Customer to  
 our Trade. Ay, but Mother, (quo the  
 new Father) Where's your kindness to us  
 all this while?——As how Son?——  
 You tell us (reply'd the new Father) of  
 Laws made in kindness to the women——  
 I wish there were a Law too made for the  
 men, that the Midwife, or the Nurse,  
 might supply the wives place during  
 Gender-month——Land——Sir, cries one  
 of the company, that would be the way  
 to have none but young Midwives, and  
 young Nurses, unexperienc'd People, and  
 what should we poor women do then?  
 why then, Madam, what think you of a  
 Law to be made, that such women whom  
 their

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not on bus  
their Husbands could not get with Child,  
should come to us try'd Men, during that  
Vacation, and see what we could do?  
There's something in that indeed, quo the  
Gentlewoman, but I love Liberty of Con-  
science; I don't love that force should be  
put upon women in that particular.  
Charity is one thing, VVantonness another.  
And therefore the Gentlewoman did well,  
who having been kind to her Neighbour,  
while his wife was in the Straw, refus'd  
him when he came to request the same  
Courtship after his wife was up and well.  
VVhat, quo she, did ye take me  
for a VVhore? And indeed, there may be  
some reason for a woman to be kind to her  
Neighbour at such a time upon two Consi-  
derations; First, as I said before upon the  
score of Charity to the Man, and secondly  
out of kindness to the woman, her parti-  
cular Friend: For she, fearing lest her  
Neighbor should run astray among strange  
women, and get some foul Disease to the  
prejudice of her dearly beloved Friend, and  
knowing her self to be sound and whole-  
some, and that she has enough to spare, be-  
lieves it a piece of Generosity for the pre-  
servation of her Friends Health, and to  
prevent expence of Physick and Family di-  
sturbance, to gratifie her Neighbours ne-  
cessity;

cessity ; only for such a time, and no longer.

Now ye talk of having enough to spare. Quo the Midwife, I'll tell ye a Story, that I read in my younger days, somewhere or other, I can't tell where. There was a young Gentlewoman that lived in some Town or other beyond the Seas, Marry'd a Man, who was not so brisk as my Son here ; however he was jealous, and watch'd her, and she had the Misfortune to be taken in the Arms of one that pleas'd her better than her Husband. Whereupon, her Husband, like an Impotent Fool as he was, grew Horn-mad presently, and would needs take the severity of the Law against her, which was no less than Death, if the Fact were prov'd upon her. There wanted no proof, you may be certain, on the Husband's part ; but how d' ye think the Lady came off? Quo she to the Judge, I Pray ask my Husband, if ever I deny'd him the satisfaction of my Body, when ever he requir'd it. Which the Husband confess'd to be true. Well then ( My Lord ) reply'd the Lady ; What should I have done with the Overplus, that remain'd in my own Power? Should I have Squander'd it away, like the Elder's Maid? Was it not better for me to pleasure an honest Gentleman

whose



whose Wife had been a Week i' the Straw,  
 than a surfeited Husband who had Ten  
 times more than he knew what to do with.  
 Truly Daughters, my Son here has star-  
 ved a nice Question, the Determination of  
 which is to be left to the Discretion or  
 Kindness of his Neighbours; only you  
 d have heard my Story.

How the Devil can a Man spend his  
 time more merrily than in such Company  
 as this? But now comes that that spoils  
 all again ——— within two or three  
 days after comes the Nurse to the new Fa-  
 ther, and tells him his hopefull Issue has  
 got a Thrush i' the Mouth on't, and refu-  
 ses to Suck; more than this, that his Wife  
 has got sore Nipples, and in danger of a  
 fever. Well, and what of all this? is  
 a Man bound to indemnifie his Wife, or his  
 Children, from the Infirmities of Nature?  
 But here's the wonder, that when the Wife  
 or the Infant are fallen under any Distem-  
 per, it should be counted a Disturbance of  
 the Bedlock to send for a Doctor, or a Chi-  
 rurgeon, to procure their Recovery. And  
 yet the same Persons care not what they  
 wish away upon a young Colt, nor what  
 they spend upon a surfeited Race-Horse:  
 how many Men's Stables cost 'em more  
 than their Wives Bed-Chambers? One  
 of these

G

Strawberry,

*Strawberry*, or a *Tregonet*, shall be more charily look'd after than all the *Wives* and *Children* in *Europe*: A pleasant Extravagance, to grutch a sick *Wife* and *Child* the Assistance of a *Nurse*, and a *Physician*, when a *Fillie-foal*, forsooth, must have at least three or four *Men-dry-Nurses* to tend him at a time; nay, should the pamper'd *Beast* fall sick, there are some would exchange a *Child* for a *Colt* at any time, and acknowledge it a kindness from *Heaven* to take the one and spare the other.

But then they are troubled that the *Neighbours*, when they hear of the *WVoman*, or the *Child's* illness, should be so diligent and good natur'd as to visit the *Sick*: the *Communication* of their Experience, the *Probations* and *Recipe's*, is a disturbance of *Matrimony*; they make a noise i' the *Chamber*, they cry: *VVhat* if they do? their talk does not cost any thing; or *What* if it did? 'Tis not a *Three-penny* matter, compar'd to what your *Fowler* and *Trowler* ——— Men spend upon a *Company* of yelping *Hounds*. Affliction, they say, is the *Touch-stone* of *Friendship* — Here's the *WVoman* ill, and her *Friends* come to visit her -- Here's the *Child* sick, and the *Neighbours* bring *Cart-loads*

of Receipts and *Recipe's*, and contribute their *Probatus* with the same Zeal as the VWomen carried their Thimbles to *Guild-Hall*. Now one would think that the Man should be highly pleas'd, and that it should be one of the main Pleasures of his Marry'd Estate, to see his Friends and Neighbours so numerously carefull of his VVife and Child; for still many Heads are better than one.

But now, both the Child and the Mother are well again, and the Mother begins to require a stronger and more costly Diet than Oat-meal Caudles, and New-laid Eggs; she must have Peach and Pullers, and Pigeons, and VVidgeons, Roast-Veal, and young Turkeys, and I know not what my self: VVell — and what now? — the Men will have all these Delicacies by themselves at the Tavern, tho' they never Lay-in in their Lives, while their poor Lying in VVives, after such a VVaste of Bloud and Spirits must be debarr'd the common Restoratives of Nature: And thus we find all along, 'tis not Matrimony, but the Expence of Matrimony that these Men grumble at; could there be but way found for Men to keep their VVives and Children for nothing, you should see what Encomiums and Panegyricks would

be made upon VVedlock : 'Tis a wonder, among so many Projects that the *Greshamites* did not hit upon it. Stay ——— there is one now I think on't, that comes to my mind ——— Let the Men send their VVives and Children to the Commons and Chaces a Grazing ——— if they can but Fast VVinter and Spring, there will be wild Strawberries and Bilberries enow to fill their Bellies in Summer and Autumn; and better the Birds starve, than poor VVomen and Children; then for Cloaths, their Husband old cast Coats and Cloaks will serve, whereas now here's such a Consumption of Gold and Silver upon lac'd Petticoats, that the Man can hardly get Money enough to go to the Tavern: Oh but they'll say there's Reason in Roasting of Eggs. A Child-Bed VVoman may be restored at a cheaper rate, after her Molesting time than with dissolv'd Pearl and butter'd Crabs: But suppose the kind Husband thinks nothing too good for her must he be stinted by a Ragamuffin of a Marriage-Hater? 'tis time to cry out, God bless poor sinfull VVomen, when Sack and Sugar comes to be a Crime.

X. *The Gossips Invited; together with some of the pleasant and jocular Discourse that passes amongst them.*

**N**OVV here's another Hell of Matrimony, according to the Opinion of the Humorists of this Age; the good VVomen, forsooth, Neighbours, Friends, and She-Relations of the VVoman in Child-Bed, were kind and civil to come at a VVhistle, to assist the good VVoman at her Labour, for which the gratefull Husband invites 'em together, and bestows a decent Entertainment upon e'm, and this is thrown in the Dish of Matrimony, as a great Grievance of VVedlock; now let the VVorld judge, the good VVoman's recovered, has born the Brunt of a hard Labour, has replenish'd the VVorld, there's ne'er a Maid the less for her, as they say, and her Acquaintance and Friends, such as she sent for, such as came at Midnight, are summon'd to Congratulate her Recovery, VVhat a Reputation now would it be for the Husband, that when they come together they should find nothing but a piece of dry Bread and *Suffolk* Cheese to comfort their Hearts? These are Crums of cold Comfort for Gentlewomen to come a mile or two



to a Gossipping, women are sociable Creatures, and have Tongues in their Heads as well as men; but their Discourse is a Grievance of Matrimony; Heavens bless us! VVould you have 'em sit like so many Turks in a Coffee-House, smoaking their Noses, and drinking Sherbet without speaking one to another for a whole day together? 'tis not their business to trouble their Heads with Elections of Sheriffs or Parliament Men, pray give 'em leave to talk of such things as fall within the Verge of their Understandings; 'tis their business to bring Children into the VVorld, upon which, many Casualties depend, and these Casualties produce a thousand Themes for Discourse: VVhen they talk Bawdy, 'tis not Bawdy in them, but pure Philosophy; How many Gossipping places are there about this City for Men? there is *John's* Coffee-House, and *Dick's* Coffee-House, and the Royal Coffee-House, the Exchange Coffee-House, and the VVidow's Coffee-House, and *Sam's* Coffee-House, besides Two Thousand Four Hundred and Fifty Coffee-Houses more, where you shall hear Men with Green Aprons talking and prating together so Idlely, so Coxcomically, so Pragmatically, that 'twould make a Man Spew to hear 'em; here sits one Com-

pany

pany of Ideots Reforming the State ; there another sits telling ye what the Duke of *Lorraine* intends to do the next Summer before he has quitted the Field this Autumn , while the rest sit streaming their Eyes, and gaping after News as Maids hearken after Sweethearts ; and by and by comes in one for their Turn, that sits him down, and amuses the Gulls with more Lyes than are in *Mandevil*. Another tells 'em of a Project he has to make Town-Tops spin without an Eel-Skin, as if he bore malice to the School Boys ; and if a *German* Doctor come in to entertain 'em with Rhodomantado's in Physick, you shall hardly perswade 'em to quit the Room.

But the Women's Discourse is patt and home to the business in hand ; if they come to a Sitting-up Feast, they laugh and are merry over their Rhenish-VVine and Goose-Pye ; if they are Invited to a Funeral they weep over their burnt VVine and *Naples* Biscuit ; this is to the purpose , and indeed at a Gossipping Feast the work of Generation is so large a Theme, and so pleasing, that it holds 'em tack in spite of their Teeth : There are so many Appendixes belong to the work of Generation, so many Accidents, some precedent, some subsequent ; so many Questions to be put

concerning it, that though a Gossip's Feast should endure a whole Century, it would be time little enough to discourse upon the several Subjects.

For Example: One Woman is troubl'd in Conscience about what time of the Day or Night is best for a Man to Caress his Wife. Now where would you have this Question put, but in an Assembly of those that have try'd, and are best able to settle the Matter: thereupon the Question being fairly started, that in the four and twenty hours, there were two times chiefly to be observ'd for a Man to yield Obedience to the Commands of Love, the one four or five hours after Dinner, and the other four or five hours after Supper; for then, said he, the Body is neither too full, nor too empty, the Concoction of the Stomach is in some measure perfected, the natural heat is refreshed, and the Spirits are multiplied, and that tho' the Man should be at a great Expence, yet there would be a Reserve left for the Foundation of a new Supply. Another cry'd, she had heard that the Evening Caresses were more delightful, and the Morning Embraces more wholesome. If so, cries a third, then let me have the Evening Caresses for Pleasure, and the Morning Embraces for Health.

Upon

Upon all which, and much more that was said to the same purpose, another concluded, that there was no reason for a Man that was *sane* to be so Superstitious in the Observance of Times and Seasons: but that which troubl'd her most was to know, what were the certain Limits which Nature had set to the frequency of performance. Here one of the Gossips taking her up, Neighbour, Neighbour, if the Men would but do as they say, that Question would soon be answer'd. For I heard, my Husband should make his brags a while ago at the Tavern among his Wine bibbing Companions, that he was a second *Hercules*, but he lies like a stinking Knave as he is. Bless me! cries another, what d' ye talk of Limits in this particular? as if a Man were to be stinted in this Case, let him do as often as he pleases, he shall never be stinted for me; I'll never do as the *Portugal* Woman did, complain to the King of her Husband's over-frequent kindness to her, and force the King by her Tears and her Importunity to such a stint. Why, was there ever such a Woman, indeed Lau? cries another. Ay, indeed was there, replies the other, if Stories be true; but this I read particularly in a Book of Midwifery. Bodikins, cries the other, the King should

never have stinted my Husband, had he been the best King i' the World: What Authority, I would fain know, has a King to stint my Husband? At which they all fell a Laughing, ——— and after a Cup about, they fall off from their natural Philosophy, and enter into a Discourse about the Duty of Husbands. Marry, cries one, and I think 'tis but all the Reason in the VWorld, that our Husbands should be dutifull to us, when we bear the burthen of the day ——— If we bear, 'tis but fit they should suffer ——— My Husband when I was first Marry'd, was forc'd to Court me a whole Week, to let him come to Bed to me, for only neglecting to fetch me home from such a Gossiping as this, as I commanded him. ——— I have made him rise many a time in a Frosty Morning to kindle me a Fire in my Chamber, when my Maid has been sick ——— But what if he would not ——— Why then, cries the other, I'd have kick'd him out of the Bed, that's the long and the short on't. You are happy, Madam, cries the other, ——— I wish I could say so too ——— My Husband comes in roaring and ranting a Nights, and if I give him the least angry word, 'tis true, he does not beat me, but he falls a banging the great Looking Glass i' my Dining-Room, and



and then I fall a crying, and am forc'd  
to hold my peace, for fear of my In-  
dian Cabinet———You are a Fool.  
Neighbour——the next time he serves you  
so, I'll tell you what you shall do——go  
to the next Shop where you are known,  
and take up upon his Score, as many Look-  
ing Glasses as will hang round the Room.—  
Cuds-fish——cries the Complainant.—  
he'll send 'em home again, and what shall  
I be the better for that?——No——be-  
fore he shall do that, break 'em your self,  
cries the other, 'twill make him weary of  
breaking Looking-Glasses, I warrant ye.  
My Neighbours i'the right for that, cries  
another ; but what if my Husband think it  
his Duty to get his Maid with Child? Oh  
Neighbour ( replies the other ) there's the  
Law of Titt for Tatt, in that Case——  
let your man get you with Child——I  
was going t'other day to look for an odd  
Petticoat in a High Press that I have i'the  
Garret; and what should I find there,  
but the sweetest Babe that ever I saw i'my  
life, fast a sleep, and as mute as a Whiting  
———Presently I call'd up my Maid,  
and askt her whose Child that was? She  
fell on her Knees, and told me it was her's :  
By whom I pray now, Mrs. Gillian, ( quo  
I? ) By my Master forsooth, ( quo she ) and

I could not find i' my Heart to Murther it but have tended it so carefully ever since it was Born, that I am sure you never heard it cry or make the least noise in this World. Truly I was so taken with the Ingenuity of my Maid, that I presently sent for a Nurse, and put it out at my own Charges. There upon they all cry, there was no revenge in that——No, (quo she) but there is in this, that the next of mine will be none of my Husband's, I can tell him that for his Comfort : Besides, I read him such a Curtain Lecture for it, that the poor Cuckold was forc'd to down on his Marrow-bones, and ask me Forgiveness to Boot.

Truly Neighbour (cries one) in my Opinion your first Revenge was a little too severe ; had you only given him a Curtain Lecture, and made him pay for keeping the Child, it had been enough ; for it is grown so customary now adays for Masters to Kifs their Maids, that they will Kifs their Maids tho' the Mistress lay a dying. I have heard of a Sadler, that had a very carefull good Wife, but because she was not Immortal she fell so ill of a sudden, that her Husband verily thought she had been upon her Death-bed ; while she lay in this Condition he sobb'd, he wept, he bemoaned his loss, and nothing would

would serve him, but he would die with her : At last, when he thought her past recovery, and perceived no Body in the Chamber but his dying Wife, and a Chamber-Maid, beautifull enough, he beckon'd her to him, and in a soft and lamentable Tone, *Betty* (said he) I am now resolv'd to dye my self, since thy Mistress is so near her end ; and therefore I recommend my House and Children to thy care, and so saying, deliver'd her the Keys of all he had.

The poor Girl touch'd with compassion, besought her Master, gave him the most comfortable Language she could ; beseeching him to lay aside such despairing thoughts. O *Betty, Betty*, (cry'd the Master) there is but one thing can recover me, and that is thy kindness to me. And so saying, he threw her upon the Bed, and began to feel her Breasts ; which his Wife that had not spoken in three days before, beholding, it put her into such a rage, that she recover'd and liv'd many years after to upbraid the Falseness of her Husband.

Now ye talk of Maids (cries another) I'll tell ye a Story of a Maid, that served me about three or four years after I was Marry'd ; she was a good handsome Girl,  
and

and my Husband had such an aching Tooth at her, that he follow'd her up and down the House, when I was out of the way, and would never let her be at quiet; of all which the Maid was so honest as still to give me an Account: At length the Wench wearied with his Courtship, resolv'd to put a trick upon him, that so she might be rid of him; which fell out Luckily; for it happen'd that one day, my Husband thinking I had been safe, found her sifting Flower in the Pastry to make Apple-pyes, with a Straw-Hat on her Head, and a Night-rail about her Shoulders, and there laid close Siege to her. The Maid presently lays hold of this Opportunity, and having seemingly condescended, desires him to put on her Hat and her Night-rail, and to keep the Bolter going, while she went out upon the scout to see that all things were secure: To all which my Husband readily consented: But I'faith, my Maid serv'd him a Trick for his Learning; for away came she running to me, and told me in what a posture she had left him; nor was I less hasty to see what a new Pastry-maid I had got ——— But Land ——— when I saw my Husband so strangely bedizen'd in his Straw-Hat and his Night-Rail —

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Rail—I thought I should have dy'd with Laughing——Honest Maid, (quo I) what wages shall I give you a Month? you look like one that would prove an excellent Servant. My Husband hearing my voice, and finding himself betray'd, you would have burst your sides to see how he lookt, with his Face all Meally, and staring like a roasted Pigg——down went the Straw-Hat, off went the Night-Rail, and away he ran out at the Back-door as if the Devil had been at his Tail——I think so he was (quo another) when you were so near him. This put 'em all into such a loud Laughter, that 'twas a wonder they did not break the backs of the Chairs with their Shoulders; and some were so taken with the Story that they could not forbear Laughing backward as well as forward.

Come Neighbours, (cries another) this is a time to be merry and tell Stories——but first let's drink——here Gossip, here's to your next Husband and mine——Faith, (quo she) I drink as I think——So——now to my Story——I remember my Mother was wont to tell a Tale of a Neighbour of hers, a good wealthy Farmer, who had a very good woman to his Wife, that brought him a good



good Fortune, and made it her Endeavours to please him in all things, and he was no less afraid to displease her; but for all the great Love he bore her, he was withal so charitable, that many times he gave to his Neighbours what was more properly due to his Wife; This Farmer had a Dairy-Maid, of a delicate Complexion, for whom he had a very great kindness; but fearing his Wife should take notice of it, he made great complaints of her every day to his Wife, telling her what a lazy Slut she was, and wondring why she did not bang her sides. Why then, (quoth the good Woman to her Husband, suspecting nothing) do you bang her sides; you see her miscarriages oftner than I—— Why then Wife (quoth the Husband) with your leave, so I will——but now I think on't (quoth he) should I make use of my Cudgel, my hand is so heavy I should break her Bones——but twigs break no Ribs——I'll e'en exercise my Talent upon her Buttocks, as you do by your Children, and I warrant I'll bring her to something——as you think fit for that, (quoth the Wife) for I have neither the heart to beat her to purpose, nor the Strength to master her. Away goes the Husband, and, like a cruel Beadle, provides himself of a swing-

ing Rod no less dreadful than the Picture in *Winchester* School; so that the Poor Woman had more pity of her Maid, than suspicion of her Husband.

Soon after the Spirit moving him, up he gets from his wife betimes in the Morning, and away he posts to his Dairy-Maid in the Garret, where he gave her another sort of Chastisement, than what his Wife meant. When he had done, the Wench fell a crying, the Master fell a Thrashing the Coverlet and Bed Posts, till he had worn the Rod to the very Stumps, and so returning to his Wife—Well (quo he) I think I have done her business——I believe she'll remember *May-day* Morning as long as she lives. Within a few days after, the Maid being taken with a Qualm of Repentance, comes to her Mistress and falling upon her knees, with Tears in her Eyes began to tell her, how that her Husband had done her the greatest wrong imaginable. Her Mistress thinking it had been the business of the Rods, not suffering her to go on——Your Master, (quo she) has done well——'twas no more than I bid him. do——all that I fear is, he has not done so much as he should have done. The Dairy-maid hearing her Mistress's Approbation, began to have a better

ter Opinion of her self, and to believe it no sin for a Maid to lie with her Master, especially when the Bed-posts suffer'd for it: and from that time forward, resolved never to refuse her Master's Correction when ever he was so kind as to give it her.

Lau ye now, cries another, are not these men a wicked sort of people to accuse Women of so much Subtilty, as they do ——— Here was a Knave in Grain ought to have been hung up by the Heels, for all the Good Women in the Parish to have had a lash at his Tail, for deceiving a good Woman as he did ——— But i'faith, he should not have cozen'd me so; if he would have been Correcting, I'd have seen the Correction done my self. I knew a Young Gamester that us'd to tickle his Chamber-maid ——— and one Summer Morning very early he carry'd her down into the Garden, and causing her to make a Crucifix upon the Grass, he went to work with her ——— But perceiving that one of his Neighbours had spy'd him out of her Chamber Window, up he went, and fetching down his Wife, serv'd her in the same Sawce ——— VVithin a day or two after, the Neighbour came and told the Good VVoman what she had seen her Husband

Husband do to her Maid. My Maid!  
 ——— Neighbour, quo the Good VVo-  
 man, 'twas my self I assure ye ———  
 VVhy, d' ye think (quo the VVoman)  
 that I don't know you from your Maid?  
 I tell ye 'twas my self, quo the other; and  
 do what her Neighbour could do for her  
 life, she could not perswade her to the con-  
 trary.

And thus they hop from one Story to  
 another, as Birds from Bough to Bough:  
 For their Tongues never lie still but when  
 that Drink, for they can talk with their  
 Mouths full. And now woe be to those  
 that have got an ill Name ——— There's  
 not a man or woman they know of, that  
 is not scann'd, for their good or bad  
 Deeds ——— Such a one (cries one) was  
 forc'd to submit to a Search t'other day i'  
 the Court of Arches at the Complaint of  
 her Husband ——— Cudds-bobbs, quo a-  
 nother, I heard something of it indeed  
 ——— pray Neighbour how did it go?  
 ——— VVhy the Midwife that was for-  
 most of the Jury, brought it in, that she  
 had as good a one, as she had, and she had  
 enough to serve the best four Men in Eng-  
 land ——— Another whispers her Neigh-  
 bour i' the Ear, so loud that all the Com-  
 pany may hear her ——— S'life Gossip,  
 they

they say Mrs. *What d' ye call 'em*, was brought home t'other Night in a Coach by two tearing Gallants, at Twelve of the Clock at Night, presently five great Candles were call'd for to light the Gentleman up Stairs, where they stay with her till two of the Clock in the Morning—— I pity the poor man her Husband, and then she shakes her head, as if she would shake her Teeth out of her Mouth—— These are all ill things—— Neighbour quo she what are ill things? Gossip, cries another things that we are talking of, cries the other. Now ye talk of things, cries another, of all things that ever I heard of, cannot but admire at one of my Acquaintance in *White-Chappel*, that shall be nameless—— why what of her?—— Why she was brought to Bed about a year since—— but when she was in Labour she cry'd out, she could not be deliver'd before the thing that got it was cut off—— And what became of the Business?—— What became on't Kerher—— Why we were forc'd to send for Doctors and Chirurgeons, and get the husband up, and give him good words to let it be cut off—— At first to save the Thing—— he swore 'twas none of his Thing that got it —— till the Chirur



geons told him how they intended to cozen his wife—— And how was that pray? —— Why there were all things formally done——the husband roar'd —— and the likeness of a Thing was shewn all Bloudy, as if newly Cut off—— and then the woman was brought to Bed; but I must tell ye, Mrs. *Foreman* repented it a thousand times before her month was out—— and when she came to understand how she was deceived, never was woman so overjoy'd as she was.

By this time their husbands were come to attend 'em home, and the young Father unwilling to disturb their mirth before, enters with all his Myrmidons. And now higgledy-piggledy, the women must not think to have all the Chat to themselves —— Pray my Dear, cries one, look well upon that Child—— 'tis a brave Boy faith, and I intend this Night, to get such another —— Hold husband, quo his wife. I'll give ye four Nights, and do the best you can —— I am afraid you'll come short of my Neighbour, by his workmanship.

By and by they begin to grow mellow, and then they are all for chopping and changing of wives; the Men take the women as the Lots fall; and throw 'em upon the Green woman's Bed, where as  
far

far as Kissing and Smugling goes, there's no  
 mercy. Fie M. *Such a one*, cries one  
 — I wonder y' are not asham'd, cries a-  
 nother — husband, (cries another) pray  
 come help me; I am busie wife quo he  
 Another more dextrously handl'd, cries  
 Well — well — I hear ye — Some are  
 so Coy and so Nice, that when her Para-  
 mour comes to give her a Buss, she gives  
 him a Box o' the Ear — Stand away  
 Cock-Robin, quo she — I'll gi' ye a slap  
 o' the Face, cries another, if ye meddle  
 with me — But this won't serve their  
 Turn — The men must have Busses, and  
 Busses they will have — This begets a  
 Petty Skirmish at the t'other end of the  
 Room — The women pull of the mens  
 Perriwigs, & defend themselves with their  
 Claws for awhile, but not able to hold  
 out, they are forc'd to yield at length, with  
 a Proverb in their mouths — — *Better  
 give a Knaave a Kiss than be troubl'd with  
 him.*

This Horse-play being over, in comes  
 the Punch-Bowl, and that compleats the  
 work of the Night: The men grow Tip-  
 sie, and tell Stories of their Wives; the  
 women get Maudlin, and tell a hundred  
 Tales, what their Husbands said to 'em,  
 when they first came a wooing — — and  
 by

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by what strange Accidents they came together ——— Laud ——— cries one, I no more dreamt of having this Husband of mine two days before I had him, than I dreamt to be Pope of *Rome* ——— For I was Courtied by as Compleat a Handsome young Man as you should see in a Summers day ——— but (he forsooth) when all things were agreed upon, besides my Portion, would needs have a Mare that my Father had in his Stable, or else 'twas no Bargain: Nay, thought I, if you come a Wooing to my Father's Mare, and not to me, e'en far ye well ——— I'll be no Man's Wife that must have a Mare for his *Miss*; and so I hit upon this Cock-Robin here ——— Ah *Bob*, wouldst thou but take my Advice, thou mightst be a happy Man ——— Hickup, Hickup, quo another, I have a Ne'er-be-good too yonder Hickup, Do what I can for my Life, Hickup ——— I can't keep him out of the Bowling-Green, Hickup ——— in *Whitmore-Fields*, sometimes I walk that way, Hickup ——— in an Evening, and there I can hear his voice ——— Hickup ——— Rub, rub, rub, rub, ——— Hickup ——— But *Sirrah Will* ——— if thou wouldst but rub, rub ——— Hickup ——— more at home, 'twould be ——— Hickup ——— a great deal the better for thee ——— Hickup ———

The

The Punch-Bowl thus empty'd, the Women are up in Arms to hear another call'd for ———— No, by no means, they cry all together ———— and judging every one her own husband to her self, they put on their Scarfs and their Hoods, and home they march, leaning upon their husbands Arms, with a more than ordinary weight, you may be sure. Perhaps one or two are so Godly as to say their Prayers by the way ———— that's nothing, 'tis but turning the Petticoat, and all's well again.

Thus Gentlemen and Ladies, here has been a Child-bed Woman visited ———— here have been abundance of Stories told, here has been a great deal of Philosophy reveal'd, a World of Mirth and Jollity, and which is the Cement of Good Company, perhaps a great deal of good Cheer. Now the Duce take me, if I can find where any Grievance of Matrimony is to be discover'd in all this. For the Women have their Laws and Constitutions in these Cases among themselves, as unalterable as those of the *Medes* and *Persians*. They know that no body goes to meet in bare Walls, but they that go to Church. Deny 'em the Retaliation of a Gossips Feast, and you may bring your Wife to Bed your self the

the next time : Thus far then we are right.  
And now to the next.

XI. *The Child comes to be Coated, the Child grows froward, and the Inconveniency of Wet-Nurses.*

**T**Is very true, Man that is Born of a Woman must be Coated; that's a Maxim not to be deny'd : Children must be Coated before they can wear Breeches. They say indeed, that the Sons of the Gyants were put in Breeches as soon as they were born, because they were as big as our Children at nine or ten years of Age, and could go as soon as they dropt from their Mothers Wombs : Besides that, they had Teeth at their first coming into the World, and never Suck'd. But it is not so with the Children of this Age, they must be Coated for the convenience of the Nurses turning up their Shitten Tails. Let them therefore want a Coat to their Backs, that murmur at the Coating of Children. But they do not grumble at the Coating of Children, they cry, but that the Mother keeps such a fiddle faddle about it. 'Tis a hard case that a Mother must be scubb'd and snubb'd and curb'd about the Coating of her Child. 'Tis the Mother's delig.



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delight to see her Child go trim and neatly  
 drest. But you'll say, the Mother is too  
 solicitous about the Mode and Richness  
 of the Stuff: and in a short while the Child  
 must have a Lac'd Bonnet, with a Plume of  
 Feathers to boot. And all the Reason in  
 the World; for the Child is to be carried  
 abroad and be shown, and the finer it is,  
 the more gracefull it will look: It may be  
 too, the Father is an Artillery-Man, and  
 then I hope he will not grudge his Man-  
 child a Feather. You'll say that in former  
 times, the *Picts*, who inhabited one of the  
 coldest Climes of *England*, were wont to  
 go naked, and there was none of this  
 Trouble among them about Coating of  
 Children. But alas we have no such hard-  
 ning of Children now adays. That Wo-  
 man would have all the Boys at her heels,  
 that should walk i' the Streets, and her  
 Nurse following her with a Child in her  
 Arms, as naked as ever 'twas born; be-  
 sides the danger of its dying of a Chin-  
 Cough. Some Men indeed will look a-  
 skew, to see their Children, as soon as  
 born, in Silk Lac'd Coats, and all things  
 Correspondent; but their wives have an  
 Answer for 'em; they take 'em up at the  
 first rebound, and cry, Why is it finer  
 than my Neighbour such a ones Child?

What tha

What can any Man say to that now, if he be but a person of reason. However the poor man shakes his head, and cries; wife, the *Lacedemonians*, and they were a frugal People, were never wont to trick up their infants so gay——Fart for the *Lacedemonians* (quo she) what d'ye tell me of the *Lacedemonians*? I'd as lieve have no Children, as not to see 'em go fine.

By and by comes the God-mother, hearing when the Child's to be Coated, and brings it a Gilt Coral, a Silver Spoon and Porringer, and a brave new Tankard of the same Metal, with a train of half a dozen Gossips; and after them, for the newsies, half a dozen more; and so by threes and by fours, till the house be as full as at the late Gossips Feast: S' life——what shall we do now? For the God-mother will expect to be treated——why 'tis happiness that *London* never wants a market. Then the husband beck'ning to his wife——hark ye——wife, a word 'ye——well——what's the matter now?——who thought of a Parliament? Sniggers daggers, here's the Tribe *Gad* come in upon us——what, more treats still?——More Treats still? (quo wife) I and more and more Treats aff—that, if I please——are not they

your Friends as well as mine——Go,  
 go : prithee get thee to Market, and buy  
 that which is good, and send it in quick-  
 ly——'tis almost twelve a clock, and  
 we have nothing but cold meat i'the house.  
 At this the man scratches his head, goes  
 to his Till, takes his Cane and Gloves, and  
 away he marches——Now suppose he  
 do buy up a whole Poulterers Shop and  
 send it in, he has the worth on't in good  
 Plate. Nay you shall see how he's reward-  
 ed for his good deeds ; for by and by the  
 'Prentice comes after him into the Market  
 and tells him the God-father's are come too  
 the one with a whole piece of Flow'ring  
 Silk, the other with a set of Gilt Spoons  
 the Gifts of Lord Mayors at several times.  
 Now is not this worth a good Dinner do  
 think ?——Certainly there cannot be  
 greater pleasure to a man, than to find that  
 his child has such Benefactors before he  
 fives weeks old—as if the free Gifts of G  
 Spoons and Silver Tankards were to  
 reck'n'd among the Discomforts of VV  
 lock. But these mumblers against Mat-  
 rimony, pick out the worst, and leave  
 the best. Poverty indeed may a little  
 bitter Matrimony ; but good Friends  
 Relations render Wedlock the most  
 comfortable of all conditions———



man but make as good a choice all a long as he did at first, and then there's every Child a new Tankard. For look ye, there's Policy in all things—— The next Gossips Feast, the Husband brings forth his Gilt Spoons and his Tankard——and cries, these Spoons were given my Son *Tom* by his God-father, and this Tankard was given him by his God-mother—— which is enough to teach the others what Copy to follow. Whence we must infallibly conclude, that Coating a Child is no Discomfort of Matrimony: rather a man would choose that his Wife would bring forth every month such Silver Comforts as these.

But here's the business; the mother does not care for the trouble of Suckling her child her self, and therefore there must be a Wet-Nurse taken into the house, and the Devil's in that sort of Cattel. For then you shall have a Stuff-gut, a Stroy-good, a Spoil-all, a Tale-bearer, and what not? She must have the first cut of the meat from the Table; she must have her Toast and Sack a Mornings, and her Quarts of all Ale at Dinner and Supper and between meals, there's nothing can rest it the Cup-board for the Worm in her greedy Gut. What of all this? as if a

Mother could be too indulgent to her Foster Sister, that supplies her stead. Good Liquor and often feeding breeds good Milk, and good Milk makes fat growing Children. D'ye think a Mother does not take more delight in calling her Child *Fat Fubs*, than *Skeleton*? and do ye think it is not as great a pleasure for a Father to see his Child thrive, rather than prove a starveling? More than this, I must tell ye that in *Ireland* your Foster Sisters do not only suckle the Child but the Father too; and can there be a greater pleasure and advantage of Matrimony, than to derive from thence, by the virtue of getting Children, the opportunity of enjoying a kind of Legal variety? For he's a Fool of a Foster Brother, that will not change his Foster-Sisters, every Child, supposing his Affection to the Old one be worn out.

Now is there any man so unconscionable as to believe that such a Woman does not deserve good Victuals and good Drink that gives the Child and the Father suck both at one time? A, my word 'tis a great exhausting to Nature, and requires a large supply. And therefore let not these mumblers against Matrimony keep such a pudder about the Extravagances of the Wet-Nurse——for what she consumes

one way she saves another; for she keeps the good man from scaperloytring abroad, and spending his money among durrý Drabs. She's at hand upon all occasions; and the Devil's in't, if a VVife and Nurse be not enough for one man. I confess you may meet with some of your *Wapping* Nurses that are very Pockey; but they are so Conscionable, that they will never let themselves be felt for fear of discovery; by which means the Father escapes, tho' they send the child to *Peg-Trantum's* in a small time; which may be a great ease to a man sometimes, especially if his wife come too fast.

But suppose the child be put out to Nurse i' the Country; then there must be Sope; and Candles, and Sugar, and four Shillings a week, and the Devil and all. However by this means the child is out of hearing; some men cannot endure the bawling and yawling of children, nor the wicked voices of Nurses singing *Hopkins's* Tunes to still 'em: they had rather hear a noise of the City Musick by half over a Fish Dinner. But then there must be another expence, if the Mother be an indulgent Tender-hearted mother; there must be a journey by water once a VWeek at least, to *Brainford*, or *Twitnam*; or else i' the Stage-

Coach to *Barnet* or *Croyden*: Well, and how does this affect Matrimony?—children when they are born, must be nurs'd——And let me tell ye, a VVater-man's VVife well drest, may be a good Dish for variety——Here's Opportunity enough; an Affignation at Nurfes, can never be suspected; and when the pretence is so just, how can the Fact be unlawfull? Husband (cries the wife) how serves the Tide to morrow? for I intend to go and see how the child does. Thus is she sure for so many hours, and he scouts another way——At another time, wife (quo the husband, I have little to do to morrow, I'll e'en take a walk and see how the Boy does: and then she lays hold of her Opportunity. And thus they both alternately participate of the pleasures of the fresh Air, and a fresh bit for their Cats, and all this by reason the child is put out to Nurse.

I have heard a Story of an Elder of his Congregation, one that had clamber'd to the top Pinnacle of Parish Preferment, a Common-Council man's Fellow; one that never cheated, but in the Integrity of his heart; one with a Saint-like look, Peek-bearded, Satin-cap'd, Diminutive-banded; and when he drove a Bargain, one that look'd up to heaven with his hands

hands upon his Breast in such a manner that you might have seen his very Conscience in his Eyes. Yet this Good, Pious, Grave Citizen, upon an accidental step of his Wife into the Country, to see her young Bantling at Nurse, suffer'd his Maid to steal into his Wife's place, and by a surprize of the Devil, got her with Child. 'Tis true, the good Man (for generally such Saints as these have Luck) had an Ingenious and dutifull Slip-string to his 'Prentice that help'd him out at a dead list; or else who knows what a Family havock it might have produced. I leave you to judge the Afflictions, Terrors and Agonies that tormented the Seniour of the Vestry, when he found the State of his Condition, in the midst of which he had no friend to trust to, but his Honest, Vertuous, Young 'Prentice, but t'other day a Scaperloytring Hedge-bird, that never minded any Business but now so reformed of a sudden, that it seem'd to 'e a Miracle. To him therefore he unfolds his Misery, because he knew the young man made no great profession of Godliness, as being one that used to lie out of his house a Nights; and play'd many other Pranks, with which Satan inspires Youth; who readily like an Arch-Crack-rope as he was, apprehends his Masters,



ster's meaning, and most dutifully promises to father the Child, to provide a Nurse, and hide it up in the Country. And now the *Cur-mudgeon* his Master's Stable and Horses are at his Command. On the other side the young man, without the Constraint of an Indenture provides for the Lying-in, appears at the Christning, Junkets his Comrades, and brings in his Bills, which are not to be question'd. Now he might go out, lie out, ramble where he pleas'd; for he is still looking after the Child i'the Country, for the Nurse is order'd to ply him with Notes of what the Child lacks, which he still shew'd his Master in private, to put him in mind of his Mortality. And thus for two years together, that the Child liv'd, and another year after 'twas dead, did Father *Junior* live a most pleasant Life by his good management, to the great content and Solace of his Master, to observe the discretion and fidelity of his young Prentice, who by this means had his Master at his Beck, and a Nurse i'the Country at his Command.

Thus you see it demonstrated, that a Nurse in the Country may prove a great Refreshment to the Husband, and as great a Convenience to the Wife.

Well

Well, but at length the Child comes home again, for the child is not to Suck always, and then there must be a Dry Nurse found out; for the child must be carried abroad, the child must be shown: The Mother goes first and the child follows after, and so they walk their rounds, till all their Acquaintance have had a sight of the child. But these are but idle Exceptions against Matrimony——Every woman thinks her own Offspring the Fairest; and all people, especially the Female Sex, love to have their children Bus'd and Dand'd by Strangers. Who d' ye think was here to day? cries one woman to her husband——I don't know, cries the man. Why Mrs. *Such-a-one*, and she brought her child along with her, a Lovely, Sweet Babe, indeed——and as fine as any Lord's child——Other Men are kind to their wives, and let them have what they will for their children——Ours go like Chimney-Sweepers Brats——But I'll turn over a new Leaf i' faith——I'll have our children go as other Folks children do, and not like the scum of the Parish——Here's a great Pleasure of Matrimony, for a man to see his wife lay hold of good Example.

Example. Some women will never learn, they are either so Sottish or so Niggardly. Nay, there are some women of that temper, that they care not what becomes of their children, let 'em go naked, if they will, for them, so they can get money enough from their husbands to trim and trick up themselves, to spend in Coach-hire, Plays, and Junketting abroad, but take no more notice of their children, than Cats of their Kittens, after they have wean'd 'em : Hang such wives, or send 'em to *Pensylvania*. A Score of them are not worth a Brass Shilling. But she that loves to see her children as fine as her self, there is your woman that stands upon her reputation ; there's your true loving Mother. 'Tis a sign she loves to get children. And what greater happiness to a Marry'd Man, than to have such a Bed-fellow. Let the man but find Gay Cloths, and she'll find children, I warrant ye. What does it signifie for a man to have delicate red Cheek'd Pippins, and no body come to commend 'em? That Woman is worth Gold, that loves to see her children go fine; for then she'll be sure to see 'em kept sweet and clean, for fear of staining their Gaudy Habilliments. All other Creatures come into the World with their Cloths upon their

their backs ; only man is born naked, because so many Creatures are created to cloth him. And if women and children should not go fine, I wonder who should ; for they are the chiefly beloved Objects of man's Eye ; and therefore the more Glorious, the more Attractive. As it is in Gardens, where the Embroidry of various colours charms the sight ; so is it no less a pleasure within doors, without doors every where, to see women and children in their Flower'd Satins and Silks of sundry Hews : They are the Lillies and Roses of the world, when they are fine and gay ; but the Weeds and Rubbish of Society, when ragged and sluttish. What a fine Sight my Lord Mayor's Show would be to see a Compauy of Nasty, Tatter'd Dunghill Rakers sitting in the Pageants ; but the sight of a company of children Spruc'd up, and Glittering in their Colours and Gaudy Tinsels, see how it fills all the Windows in the Streets ; and Beholders croud far and near to gratifie their Eyes with the sight of those finify'd Apparitions. Batchellors are the greatest Slovens in the world, their Chambers lie like Hogsties ; their Kitchens like Deserts, their Diet nothing but Cooks Meat, and a grea-  
sie

the Napkin to eat it upon, in a Room that stinks of Greace and Tabaco, and a Nasty Whore to attend him. But happy is the Man, that has Marry'd a woman, that loves to see her children go neat and trickie; she'll be sure to see her house kept clean, to have her Meat well drest, and her Bed smell of Rose-Cakes, and Lavender, and then a man lives like a Lord.

As for Sicknes, and Meazles, and Small-Pox's; we have nothing to say to that; they are Accidents not to be avoided: tho' give me leave to tell ye, there is nothing more generally preserves children from those Distempers, than their going fine, and being kept sweet and clean from stench and nastiness. And so much for this Point.

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XII. *The Daughters grow up and want Portions, and what follows thereupon.*

**B**UT now we are down i<sup>n</sup> the mouth again : Here are children, I mean the worst of children, Daughters that live, and grow up, and expect Portions, and Potions must be had, or else you may keep your Daughter to your self. However, the least thing a man can do, there must be Education, which goes a great way sometimes ; and then besides, the charge of the Boarding-School, there must be fine cloths to quicken the market, if nothing else. Fine cloths, an Exquisite Voice, and a swimming Carriage in dancing, have many times bewitch'd many a young Gentleman——and many times a man had better give a Thousand Pound for a well Educated, good Condition'd young Gentlewoman, than take a wife with double the Portion——what says the young man in *Terence* ? VVell, I have received my Portion, but alas ! I ha' sold my Superiority of a Husband for money. Is it not therefore better for a man to marry a handsome Girl, and a good Housewife, for little or nothing, than to squander and forfeit the Birthright of his Creation for a Thou-

Thousand Pound? Besides, there are some men will say more in a VWeek, than they'll do in a Year: They'll promise mountains and give Mole Hills. How if a Father can so order his business, as to put off his daughters for little or nothing; that is to say if a man can put off his Piss-kitchens with fair VVords and Promises, I think that man has all the Pleasures of matrimony in a Hop-sack. He has had the Pleasure of getting his Daughters, the pleasure of Gossips Feasts and Christnings, the pleasure of their Obedience and Attendance, the pleasure of seeing 'em grow up in Grace, vertue, and modesty; and lastly, the pleasure of bestowing 'em to his mind, and cheating a young Gentleman, at the easie rate of fair words and large Promises, tickling him up with the name of a Son, and Sundays dinners, and Laughing at him in your sleeve for the rest.

I knew an old *Hunks*, that was one of the Masters of his Parish and had been one of his company too; one that had got an Estate, as tradesmen usually do, by downright cheating. This man had a daughter that was indifferent Snout Fair, and it was not for him that had been an Industrious Man all his Life long, to keep an idle Baggage in his House after sixteen. Now

what

what does he do? he has her finely prank'd  
 up, sends her to the Dancing School, & pins  
 a Report of no less than a Thousand Pound  
 at her back, where ever she went. The  
 Share thus laid, the Birds come pecking  
 about the Pit-fall, but some were wiser than  
 some, till at length a smitten youngster  
 comes to the point——your price  
 Sir, (quo he) to the Father——Why  
 Sir, (quo the Father,) you and I shall not  
 fall out——I'll assure ye, Sir, I have  
 given her as good breeding as most men of  
 my Condition. But because there is some-  
 thing more required in this Age, than  
 Breeding, look ye, Sir, I have two Daugh-  
 ters, and I intend to give 'em both a like  
 ——I have but one Son, and I shall leave  
 him sufficient besides ——But first, Sir,  
 pray come and see my Daughter——for  
 I shan't dispose of her against her own  
 consent——'tis not a Portion that I stick  
 upon, but a good Husband, and such a one  
 I know she deserves. Away goes the  
 young Gentleman, and sees a young Girl,  
 fine Cloths, a fine Face, and fine Ala-  
 mode Curches——and thus the un-  
 wary young Gull is drill'd on, and got in-  
 to the Noose, before he knows where he  
 is.——Well, at length the business is  
 concluded, with a promise of a Thousand  
 pound

pound, and so away they go to Church. But in what a sad condition is the young man, when the Father-in-Law comes with his abatements——Either his Scrivener is broke and run away with his Money into the *Fleet*——or else it lies in a Parliament man's hands, and he knows not how to sue him; however in kindness to his Daughter he'll strain hard for three hundred pounds, and so the young man is forc'd to take home his bad Market; only he has the good hap to have a Father-in-Law that has good acquaintance, and if the worst comes to the worst, he'll procure him a Factors place in the *East-Indies*; in consideration of which he causes him to settle what he has upon his Wife, and so sends him packing. Let him die there if he pleases, his Daughter's ready for another with advantage, and now let her shift for her self——Now where's the inconvenience of Matrimony, for a man to be rid of his Trouble-Houses, at the Expence of a few fine Cloths, and a slight Boarding-School Breeding? And indeed if you consider the Conveniences of good Education, there is nothing more to be valued than that; let her be foul or fair if she be well Educated, that's enough. A thousand pound? What's a thousand pound?

pound? 'Tis spent in a Breakfast, or Gam'd away in one Night; but no man can Game away his Wives Education. Her skill in seasoning a Venison Pasty, is really to be valu'd at two hundred pound at least; her Art in Raising a Turkey or a Goose-Pye, is clearly to be reckon'd at the rate of three hundred pound; her knowledge in Marketing, is worth two hundred pound more, and her skill in preserving and making Plumm Cakes, and Dr. Stevens's water, is worth at least five hundred pounds more. And there's as good as twelve hundred pounds of the Kings best Coin in *England*. Portions make Men bad Husbands, and Women proud Wives, and ruin more than they raise: He that chooses a Wife for the Portions sake, buys a Concubine, does not Marry a wife. If it be a grievance of Matrimony, that a Man is not able to bestow a Portion upon his Daughter, 'tis a greater Discomfort to him, to see his Daughter returned upon his hands like a *Bromingham* Groat; after the Consumption of his utmost Exhibition; which if he had never had to part withall, he had never been liable to that discomfort. Neither is it safe always to divulge what a Man intends to give with his Daughter, for if that be once spread abroad

'tis



'tis ten thousand pounds to a Nut-shell  
 but there comes one smooth chinn'd *Slip-  
 string* or other, and makes a *Pye-corner* en-  
 surance of his Affection upon her Belly.  
 She is betray'd by this Midwife, and t'other  
 Nurse, or another old Beldam Conveigher  
 of *Billet-douxes*, and all her Fathers car-  
 ing and caring squandered away upon a  
 scape-goat of an Attorney's Clerk; or  
 Coached away in a Moon-shine Night  
 from a Boarding-School by a young Squire  
 of seven hundred a year in *No Land*. We  
 have heard of some too that have been  
 Courted upon the report of being Heiresses  
 to that Condescention as to suffer them-  
 selves to be let down from their Guardian  
 and Garret VVindow in a dust Basket, as  
 if they were making their escapes for Fe-  
 lony; then away to a bed and a clean pair of  
 Sheets, and so home again by five a clock  
 i'the morning, before any body's up, but  
 the dear Conspiratress that sits up to let her  
 in.

But if a Man have but hopefull chil-  
 dren, there's no fear of these Miscarriages.  
 There are a sort of hopefull children as  
 they call 'em, such as they who have  
 them, enjoy the greatest blessing of Matri-  
 mony imaginable, for many times they  
 can shift for themselves without Portions.

Suc

Such as can swim in the VVorld without the Bladders of Dowries and Annuities. These are Sons and Daughters, that being sensible of the Inability of their Parents, can find a way to the VVood of themselves. I have heard of a Gentleman i'the Country, that had no less than eight hopefull Daughters in a cluster; and what did he do with 'em? VVhy finding 'em all to be hopefull, he sent 'em all to *London*, and there was not one but shifted for her self. Now what was this Gentleman the worse for his eight Daughters, or Matrimony that produc'd 'em. Don't you know there is an Office of Intelligence in the Town? Certainly this Office was devis'd by such as had no Portions to give with their Daughters. For Ladies must have waiting VVomen, and those waiting VVomen will have the Chaplains in spite of their Teeth: And therefore do but set up your Daughter with a good Suit of cloths at first, and if she be but hopefull, I'll warrant ye, you hear no more of her. Which must of necessity be a great comfort to their Parents. For the Recreation and Pleasure for a Man to see the Ingenuity of his hopefull children, in shifting for themselves is assuredly as great, as to stand upon the Foyle, and see a Hare dance and double before the Hounds. Such

Such hopefull Daughters as these we speak of, were the *Cyprian* Virgins of old, that waited at the Sea-side for Strangers, and permitted them the use of their Bodies, till they had got Money enough to Marry 'em honestly. For if Daughters will have Portions where they cannot be had, they must fetch 'em out of the Fire. An old Fox thinks he has given his young Cubbs Portion enough, when he has taught 'em to shift in the World: At first he provides Lambs and Chickens for 'em; but when once they come to be at Age of discretion, he thinks it enough that he has begot 'em Wit and Parts, and leaves 'em to progg for themselves. How many wealthy Citizens have we had, that came to Town without Portions, in their Blue Breeches and Leather Doublets, arriv'd at great Estates, and then hang up their Leather Doublets and Blue Breeches, as Trophies of their Industry? Portions are the bane of Children; they make the young Men lazy, the young Women haughty, and both improvident; so that when they come to have a deep Bagg, that was none of their own getting; Heaven knows, they think it has no bottom: and what becomes of 'em then? Why, the Women turn up an Ace Trump, and so play out their Game;

same; and the Men provide themselves  
of Stone Doublets, that last as long as they  
live. 'Tis want of Portions that advances  
ingenuity, teaches Parrots to speak, and  
Spaniels to set Partridges. A Mark a  
year well employed, is enough for a Wo-  
man; and for the Men, the World is wide  
enough.

XIII. *The Woman Cuckolds her  
Husband.*

**T**HAT is many an honest Man's For-  
tune; and what befalls honest Men,  
ought ne'r to be a discomfort to any Body.  
Is there any way to prevent it? call *Oliver's*  
Act to your Assistance; if the Woman's  
Friend do but hang his Hat upon the Key-  
hole, he's as safe as a Thief in a Mill.  
Give me leave to tell ye, a Woman that ne-  
ver lay with a Man but her own husband,  
might set up for one of the most wealthy  
Empresses in the world. Thus we read in  
a Story of a certain King of Egypt whose  
name was *Phero*; who was stricken blind,  
and so continued for several years. At  
length he sent to consult the Oracle of some  
Heathen Deity or other, what he should do  
in the miserable condition he was in; by  
which he was answered, that if he wash'd  
his

his Eyes with a Womans water, that never had known any man but her own husband, he should recover his sight. You may be sure such a Prince as he, would spare for no cost, nor to make any search that might tend to his relief. However 'twas but reason, he try'd his own Wife first: But alas her water would do no feats. How many several varieties of waters he afterwards tryed, the Lord of Oxford knows, but certain it is, the number was infinite. At length, when he was almost in despair, he met with one Woman whose water that did his job. So soon as he was recovered and well; he caused all the Women whose water he had experimented in vain, to be herded together, and enclosed in one great City (by which you may guess there were a swinging cluster of 'em) and there caused 'em to be burnt all together City and all; and then took the Woman that had cured him, as a Jewel only fit for a Prince, to his own Bed.

What then is universal can never be a sure cause of discontent, since tis one mans Fortune as well as anothers. Besides, if the Natural Philosophers speak true, and if they should understand the secrets of Nature, Women are much more prone to Amorous desires than Men. Nature it self

has a



as to order'd it.. How then can we think  
 weak Women should be able to resist the  
 violences and impulses of Nature : Love  
 will enter Nunneries, much more the H-  
 citations of these Women that have tasted  
 the Sweets of amorous Delights : Had she  
 been chaste, *Lucretia* had never stabb'd her  
 self ; it was a sign she had committed the  
 Act, though afterwards she took a pet at  
 herself for having done it ; for to talk of  
 ravishing is a folly, On the other side let  
 Women be never so Chaste, Men will be  
 shewing bad Examples ; they will be bus-  
 ing their Chamber-Maids, they will be de-  
 bauching their Neighbours the Bed-fel-  
 lows, and what better Precedents can Wo-  
 men follow than those of their Husbands :  
 Nay, some Men are so simple to let other  
 Men lie with their own wives, and yet their  
 own wives shall know nothing of the mat-  
 ter.

There was a certain Gentleman, who  
 had been for some years Marry'd to a very  
 virtuous Wife ; but notwithstanding all  
 her Vertue, he had more mind to his Maid ;  
 and to that purpose he resolv'd to make  
 his Addresses to her. Now this Gentle-  
 man had a Friend in the same Parish, one  
 of his own Complexion, but younger, be-  
 tween whom there was such an extraordi-  
 nary Intimacy, that they shar'd in all things

equally but their Wives. To him therefore the Gentleman declares the Design he had upon his Maid; who not only encouraged him, but promis'd him the utmost of his assistance, in hopes to have a share of the Booty. However the Maid was so coy, that being press'd with her Masters Importunities, she went and told her Mistress: the Wife glad of the opportunity, bid the Maid be patient a little longer, order'd her to comply with her Master by degrees, and at length to appoint him her Bed-Chamber such a Night. This the Chamber-Maid did, at which her Master was so overjoy'd, that he ran to tell his Friend what a Feast he was to have such a Night: who only desir'd him that he might have his Leavings. The hour being come, the Master sail'd not to be with his Maid, as he thought, but his Wife had supply'd his Room, and receiv'd him not as a Marry'd Woman, but with the strivings and strugglings of an ignorant Virgin, and so carry'd her self, that her Husband never perceiv'd her. At length having done as much as he could, gets up, and hastes to his Companion to tell him how valiantly he had behav'd himself. Upon which his Friend minded him of his promise: Go then quickly, cry'd the Master, for fear she rise

of her self, or my Wife call her. Away runs the Friend a Gallop, and into Bed he flings himself, and to work goes he with his Friends-Wife, who thinking her Husband had been return'd with a new Supply, suffer'd the Friend to do what he pleas'd; however she wonder'd at her Husband's Vigour, not having been accustomed to such Night-work. At length after the Friend had stay'd as long as he durst, the Friend slips off the Womans Thumb Ring in a Frollick; which she was the more willing to let go, believing it would rise up in Judgment against her Husband. Soon after the two Intimado's met again to make Repetition of their past Joys; but then it was that the Maids Master discovering his Wifes Ring upon his Friend's Finger, cry'd out like a Man distracted, in the Name of all the Devils in Hell, What have I done! I have e'en made a Cuckold of my self; however, 'twas my Friend (quoth he) and there's a Proverb or two to help me out at a dead lift, *Harm watch, bairn catch.* Thus the Woman was acquitted as Innocent, but the Husband was pointed at for a Cuckold to his dying day. Here's a Woman made her Husband a Cuckold, yet no Man could say black was her Eye. So that 'tis not a Woman's making her Husband

band a Cuckold, is the Matter so much, but the letting it take Air when 'tis done; had the Friend medled only with the Ring which the Husband lent him, and never taken the Ring of Gold, the Cuckolding had past without Discovery, and there had been no harm done:

It is the pointing, prating World that makes the Cuckold; the VWoman do's but lie with another Man. A Son complained to his Father-in-Law of a Discovery he had made of his Wife; well——— and what could the Father say? why, he desired the Mother to take her Daughter to task in private, and give her a Juniper Lecture: She do's so, and the Father and Son stood behind the Hangings, and heard all. Fie Daughter——— quoth the Mother, I had thought you had had more Discretion at these years——— do such a thing and be discovered! Fie upon't——— where was your Wit; where were your Brains? I have been Married to your Father this thirty years and upwards, and have had many a private Friend in a Corner, and yet your Father can't say black's my Eye. Thus you see 'twas not the Woman's making her Husband a Cuckold, but her being discovered; that had like to have spoiled all.

I do not read of any Reason this Woman had to make her Husband a Cuckold, but only she had it by Inheritance. But as for the greatest part of Women there is not one of a Thousand that will not give a Reason for making their Husbands Cuckolds.

Sometimes they will alledge the Jealousie and Suspicion of their Husbands ; for nothing exasperates a Woman more than Distrust ; as if she had not Discretion enough to govern her self, without setting Guards and Spies, and Governantees over her, to watch and observe her Behaviour. This occasioned the young Gentleman, who was no Towl Fop, but a Person that knew all the Tricks of the V World, and had been a great Practitioner himself in Love Intreaques, to keep such a strict guard over his wife.

This Gentleman putting on his Considering Cap, Marry I must, quoth he, for the support of my Name ; but how shall we do to weather this cursed Cuckolds Point ?

—— I that have made so many Cuckolds to be now cornuted at last ! —— hang't, let the Family perish, —— I won't Marry —— and yet I must Marry —— for I want a Portion to redeem a part of my Estate —— as good at first as at last —— if there be no Remedy, 'tis not my Fate alone. After



these Consultations with himself, and Resolutions taken—— away he goes, picks and chooses, and at length finds one as he thought to his mind, rich, handsome and witty : After they were married, home he brings her, and recommends her to the Care of an old Nurse he had, and gives her such a strict Charge of his young Wife that she could not stir to piss, but the old Beldam was at her heels. This severity the young Lady stomached, finding her self not Mistress of her own House, which made her yield at length to the Courtship of a young Gentleman, a Friend of her Husbands, that usually frequented the House, and one as well read in Loves Tacticks as her Husband ; but how to compass the opportunity of Enjoyment, was now the main study ; many Contrivances the young Lover projected, but all failed, by reason the Governante watched them so narrowly ; but at last one hit : He had a Friend, a Mercer, in the Street through which the Lady was to pass to Church ; and it was so ordered, that one Fore noon as she was going to her Devotion, a pail of Water was thrown out of the Mercer's Balcony, seemingly, by chance, that fell so unluckily [luckily] that the poor young Lady was washed from head to foot ; what should she do ?

do? there was no way but one : Nurse, quoth she, I am all over wet to the Skin ; I'll e'en step into this Gentleman's House, while you step home and fetch me some other Cloths to shift me.

Away goes Nurse, and the Lady is carried up stairs, where she found a good Fire, and her Friend ready to Caress her : The young Lover knew he had no time to lose, and therefore, without giving her time to undress, he threw her upon the Bed, close by the Fire, and performs his Duty. In the mean time, the Old Nurse being got home, and making a noise in the Chamber, the young Ladies Husband comes up, and finding his Governante alone ; How now Nurse, quoth he, what makes you here ? Where's my Wife ? Thereupon she told her Master what had befallen her Mistress, and how she was come for new Garments to shift her. Oh the kind Devil ! quoth the Gentleman, Has he nick'd me so I faith ? this is a Trick that I never wrote down in my Table Book ; there was but this one Trick but I knew 'em all ; I am finely brought to Bed ; there needs but one cursed hour to make a Man a Cuckold, and thou hast hit upon't.

Now this VVoman had reason to doe as she did : For what Woman, think ye, can endure to be Snubb'd, and Snibb'd, and Curb'd, Watch'd and VVarded, and Tyranniz'd over by a Husband, as if she had forfeited her Liberty with the loss of her Virginity? You shall never make VVomen believe, that Wedlock was made to enslave 'em; give 'em their Freedom and you may win their Souls; but if you Check 'em and Curb 'em, they presently send for Legions of Devils to their Assistance, and you raise an hell about your Ears.

The next Reason that Women alledge for Cornuting their Husbands is, Revenge: Revenge is sweeter than Muskadine and Eggs, and all Women love sweet things: VVomen are not so illiterate, but that they understand the Laws of Distributive Justice, and can tell ye, That what is Sawce for the Gander, is Sawce for the Goose. If they find themselves neglected, and slighted by a surly, morose Husband at home, they think it but reason to accept the Carelles of a loving and obsequious Gallant abroad: Nor do they believe it the Intention of Matrimony, that they should lie alone. Besides, VVomen are generally conceited of their Birth, their Education, Parts, and Beauty; and therefore, if they find their Husbands

Husbands run a Catterwawling after Misses less amiable, or less witty than themselves, it presently turns their Love into Fury, and they presently seek a Revenge answerable to the Affront they have receiv'd: Besides, Women read Novels and Stories, and they furnish 'em with Examples and Precedents without number. One among the rest shall suffice of a French Gentleman that liv'd at Court in high Favour with his Prince, and indeed in that great esteem, that tho' the Gentleman were poor, the King found out a Match for him, and Marry'd him to an Heiress very Young, transcendently Beautiful, and so vastly Rich, that she had enough to maintain both her self and him too, in a Port equal to the best of his Rank: At first, this young Lady doated on her new Husband, and lov'd him with an entire Affection; but the Gentleman being infatuated with the Allurements of an Elderly Court Lady, stuck so close to his steele Mistress, that he abandon'd the Society of his young and lovely Wife, and would never come near her; nevertheless this would not withdraw the young Ladies affection from her Husband, but still she continu'd for several years, labouring with all that Complacency & Indulgence imaginable to gain her Husbands Love, but nothing would prevail.

prevail. What did the young Lady do then? Why, at length when she saw her Beauty and her Affection Scorn'd, Despis'd, and Slighted, and that there must be no Remedy but she must lie alone as long as her husband liv'd, she e'en Courted another young Gentleman her self, and besought him to have pity upon her Condition; who finding her so lovely, and so youthfull as she was, could not find in his heart to be stiff-neck'd as her Husband, but glad of the Opportunity, readily supply'd his place. When this came to her Husbands ear, he would fain have been Friends with her, but then she disdain'd him as much as he had scorn'd her before. No (quo she) *Quit for Quo* is the Law of the *Meds* and *Persians*. You your self have been the Author of your own and my misfortune; you your self have given the Example; an Example that has far out gone me in this, that what you have done has been ungratefully acted both toward the King and my self, without either Honour or Conscience: Those Laws that throw so much dishonour upon Women that live with other Men besides their Husbands, do not exempt those Husbands that live with other Mens Wives; and so saying, she flung away from him without vouchsafing to hear his Reply.



Can any Man deny but that this his Lady had both Reason and Justice on her side? And therefore if men will sacrifice themselves to Cuckoldship, who can help it? For Women are sooner overcome by Anger & Revenge, than by Love and Courtship.

But there are another sort of Women, as well piously as voluptuously given, that love to make their Husbands Cuckolds on purpose that they may send 'em to Heaven. Now this is a charitable consideration surmounting all the rest; for they find their Husbands very Wicked, Tavern hunters, Gamesters; nay and sometimes coming home by Cod-piece weeping cross, the Effects of Suburb-finning. They use all means to reclaim 'em, give 'em all the good Exhortations imaginable. — Fie Husband this will never do — you impair your Estate, you weaken your Body — but more than all this, what think you will become of your Soul? — But the poor Women preach to deaf Images — there is no heed given to their word — and therefore; Compassionate Wives as they are, they compute the wicked Husbands in this World, to make 'em happy in the other. Tho' to say truth, this may be rather said to be gratitude than charity in the Women to send their Husbands  
of.

to Heaven by *Cornucement*, considering how kind the Men are, in deflowring Virgins, to prevent their leading Apes in Hell. But let it be Charity, or Gratitude, or what it will, the pretence can never be bad that sends Men to Heaven. And therefore this was the Reason, that the Country-man coming home and finding the Curate of the Parish a Bed with his Wife, never said a word either to the one or the other; for thought he, a Curate's Cuckold can never want absolution of his Sins.

Sometimes it happens, that the Man provokes his Friend to make him a Cuckold, whether he will or no. As it fell out between two Friends that had made a perpetual vow of Friendship, one with another, One of these Friends chanced to Marry a handsome Wife: And had he not been a Jealous Cuckow-brains, he and his Wife and his Friend might have liv'd happily, for ought I know, till Death. But such was his misfortune, that in a short time after he was Wedlock'd, he grew in to a violent mistrust of his Friend. Of which his Friend being informed by the Lady, Companion of mine (said he) to the Husband, I hear you entertain fears and jealousy of my Familiarity with your Wife: Certainly you have but an ill Opinion.

pinion of my Friendship, to think that I  
would dissolve that Unity, which has so  
long continued between us, for the Love  
of a VVoman. Not he by his Soul, he ne-  
ver had any such Thought; and therefore  
they were wicked Liers that told him so.  
His Friend was satisfied for that time;  
but not long after he heard the same  
Nightingale sing him the same Note, which  
put him into such a Fury, that after he  
had reproach'd his Friend for his breach  
of that vow'd Friendship that was between  
em, he left his house indeed, but never  
left laying close Siege to his wife, till he  
had corrupted his Companion according to  
his desert.

By this Men may learn to grow wary  
how they unjustly suspect their VVives;  
for there cannot be a greater displeasure to  
a man or woman, than to be suspected  
without a Cause; and therefore if a Man  
will be corrupted, let him be corrupted.  
Questionless such Men have read the Fan-  
bles of the Gods, and finding that Jupi-  
ter wore Horns, when he courted Europa;  
and that Pan wore Horns when he courted  
the Nymph Syrinx, believe it no dis-  
grace to wear Horns, and then there's no  
harm done, nor can Matrimony undergo  
any Scandal thereby.

But

But then again, suppose it be the Fashion; There's no man cares to be out of the Fashion: And therefore he has no reason to be discontented at it. If it be the Fashion to wear Horns, why should they not be worn as well as Hats? VVhy should a man grieve and torment his mind for being in the Fashion? Rather let him consider that it has been a custom and a Law so made by prescription of near four thousand years, and comfort himself that he has the same Law, the same custom, and the same reason which the women have.

#### XIV. *The Wife falls Sick.*

**W**ELL, and what then, is she like to die? No, no, Heaven knows there's no such good News at hand; 'tis a lingering Disease has seiz'd her, that is like to cost him in Doctors and Pothecaries more than her Neck's worth. VVhy look ye now! what sad Creatures these Men are! their wives no sooner fall ill, but they forget their Matrimonial Contract, which is to keep the woman as well in Sicknes as in health. But what shall the Man do? In the mean time he wants a Bedfellow. he's Marry'd, and the comfort of VVed-

lock is no longer fit for service. What greater comfort can a Man have? is not his wife laid up safe? and is not the Maid at liberty, and lusty? Do not her Neighbours come to visit her? Sure they are not all so unmercifull as to deny a poor man, upon such an Emergent Necessity as this. Neighbours d' ye call 'em! alas a day, they are all a company of rattling huf-wives; they all take pity of the woman, none of the man. They only come to find fault and carry Tales about the Parish. Fie——Neighbour (cries one) in what a condition do you lie? I would scorn to let my Dog lie as you do. VVhat Attendance you have?——is this your Nurse?——Alas poor creature, you should have a knowing able Nurse that understands the Doctors directions, one that knows what belongs to a woman under your Circumstances; one that is able to turn you in your Bed; for you are not able to help your self in this condition——This woman will be cast away, (cries another) merely for want of looking after. What d' ye eat? what d' ye drink, Neighbour? (cries another)——Fie, fie——I would not give my Cat such Water-Gruel as this——you should have Restorative things made ye to comfort your Spirits——  
Presently



Presently in comes another—How is't Neighbour? I saw your husband going into the *Globe* Tavern, as I came along—there was three or four of his Pot Companions with him—I warrant ye they are going to taste your Funeral VVine—one would think, he had enough to do at home now his poor wife lies Sick—Then the children are pity'd—alas poor children, they'll want a good Mother (cries one)—Ay, that they will, I'm sure (cries another)—she has been an Indulgent carefull Mother, all the Parish knows—but they'll find an Alteration, the next that comes—we shall see some fine raudry Flipperie Minx or other within a quarter of a year, that will turn these poor children all out of doors—but perhaps the next may pay him in his own Coin for his ill usage of this. By and by in comes the Doctor with the Master of the house at his heels. Doctor (cries one) what d'ye think of my Neighbour, will she scape it or no? Doctor (quo she) may not my Neighbour drink a Pint of mull'd Sack now and then? I knew an Acquaintance of mine, that was cur'd of a Timpany with drinking mull'd Sack; it warms the Bowels, and sends out the cold, warry humours. To all which the Doctor

Doctor says not a Word, but having Scribbled a Quarter of a Sheet of Paper, Here (quo he) let her take this Bolus about eight a Clock at Night, and half an hour after, four Spoonfulls of this Cordial ——— I hope she may do well, for all this. And so having taken his Fee, away marches he: The Nurse is order'd to light the Doctor down Stairs, for fear of losing the Husband. But when they have the poor man alone, Heavens! How they teaze him? one finds fault with this, another with that; one finds fault with the Doctor, says he's a Mountebank, and tells how many she has known that have miscarry'd under his hand ——— Another cries, he must have Doctor *Such a one*; another Doctor *Such a one*; if he tender his Wife's Life. And thus the Man's har'd and worry'd by a Company of Quistrils, when he does all that lies in his power. For he's neither Doctor nor Potheary, nor Quack nor Astrologer; nor if his Wife will eat Green Quodlings and Market Trash, and kill her self, how can he help it?

What does all this Twittle Twattle signify to the disquiet of Matrimony, no man Marries Angels, or makes an Insurance upon his Wife's Life? If she dies quickly, 'tis a Blessing; for then a Man has

has the wide World before him again; and Wooes a second time with Experience. she lie long in a languishing Condition; 'tis no more than what is incident to frail Mortality, and as it may be rationally expected, must not be counted a Grievance when it comes. And for the cost of Doctors and Potheccaries, believe me 'tis not a Farthing matter whether he be at that expence or no. For what do all their slipsflaps avail? The best way is to let Nature work; she's the best Physician, she's best able to encounter the Disease, for she knows where it lies, which is more than all the Physicians in the City do, otherwise than by Guess. Nay 'tis so far from shewing a man's self ill-natur'd to his wife, to have a croud of Recipe-Merchants about her, that if he were to kill his VVife for a wager, there's no better way for him than to hire a Regiment of Druggsters to kill her with *Bolus's*.

But you'll say she only Counterfeits sickness and feigns Distempers, a purpose to be coax'd and humour'd: And then there must be a Nurse and a Fire in her Chamber all day and all Night; there must be Gelly Broths and costly Candles; If she want a Partridge or a Plover, a VVood-cock, or a Quail, or any such kind of Toy, she must

must have it, and the Nurse must go halves;  
besides what she pilfers in Sugar and  
Lumms, and all this empties the poor  
Man's Pocket.

Why, look you now, 'tis an even wa-  
ter; that this is some clutch-fisted Pinch-  
enny or other, whom the Woman has  
no other way to chouse, but this, when she  
has a mind to refresh her self with some  
Delicacies more than Ordinary. And  
then 'tis no more than he deserves; for  
he that has a generous Husband that loves  
to see a well spread Table, never need to  
be put to these petty shifts. 'Tis a sign  
he's honest, and believe me, that's a great  
pleasure of Matrimony; for had she a  
mind to take up a Stone with her Ear, she  
might have now of those Dainties at the  
Tavern every day, without asking her  
Husband, or putting her self to the trouble  
of mocking Mortality.

'Tis sometimes a piece of pomp for a  
Woman to mure her self up in her Cham-  
ber, and pretend to take Physick, and have  
her Men Midwives about her to talk Smut-  
ty for an hour or two. Sometimes there  
may be a design in it, and the Husband  
sees the Gentleman she shuts her self up for  
to up in the shape of a Doctor; but if he  
ask what his Wife ails, he shall never  
know

know her Distemper unless he can find it out by Necromancy. For upon such occasions as these VWomen have the same Liberty as Politicians, to counterfeit Diseases when they find it necessary: And to eat strong Meats, as Beef and Mutton when they say they are sick, would spoil the Plot: No, Partridge and young Chickens are more suitable. I think it ought to be a great pleasure to a Man, that can content his wife at so cheap a rate. But where's the Money all this while? Money? VVhat there are a thousand Shifts and Tricks to get Money; and he's a pitifull Brainless Fellow, that has not two or three of those Thousand. I knew a Man that was a necessary Implement to some Persons that liv'd by their VVits; these people drank at the Tavern, kept their Consultations at the Tavern, and went out and came in again, two or three times in a day. VVhat does the Captain do, but every new Reasoning, he goes to the Barr, scores up a Quart of VVine, and sends it away with a new Rowll to his VVife. Some Men would never have thought of this way, or perhaps, never have had the Confidence to have done it. But this shews us, there are ways i' the VVorld, if Men will but set their VVits at work.



To conclude, Sickneſs brings a VVoman ſometimes to Confefſion; nay, to ſuch a Confefſion, as brings the Husband both Joy, Conſolation and Pleaſure, all at a time. For there was an Indulgent Husband, and queſtionleſs, he was not the only husband in the VVorld that ever had the ſame good fortune befall him; for what has once been done, may have been done before, and may be done again: I ſay there was a certain Indulgent husband, who had a wife, who partly by the Vales which her husband allowed her out of his Trade, partly by the good Management of her Market Expences, and other private Savings, had muſter'd together the Landable Summ of Three Hundred Pound, which ſhe ſecur'd againſt a Rainy day, where ſhe reſolv'd her Husband ſhould never have the fingering of it. The Husband did not wave his Affection becauſe his wife was ſick; but carry'd her to *Epfom*, and did all he could to recover her: But ſtill for a time ſhe grew worſe and worſe, and thought ſhe ſhould die. Now whether it was that her Husband's Kindneſs won her heart, or whether it were any Needle of Death that prickt her Conſcience, we will not determine; but ſo it was, that in the Agony of one of her *Memento Mori's*, ſhe call'd her  
Husband,

Husband, and told him that she had something lay heavy upon her Conscience: No wonder marry, for Three Hundred Pound in Silver, is no such easie Burthen for sick and weak Conscience, tho it had been the Conscience of a Wine-Porter in her Condition. She told her Husband, I say that she had a mind to lie quiet in her Grave, and not to be forc'd to walk after she was Dead, as she had heard many had been constrain'd to jaunt it from one world to another, i'their winding-sheets, to discover hidden Treasure; and therefore, she resolv'd to prevent that Inconvenience. With that she made him privy to the Concealment of no less than Three Hundred Pound, which had he dy'd before her, she intended to have made use of her self: but since Heaven had otherwise dispos'd of her, she desir'd him to make good use of it, only to spare her a small Monument out of it, which as it would continue her Memory, would be an Ornament also to the Church.

The Husband was not a little overjoy'd at these Blessed Tydings; away he goes, finds out the Nest, and with the same eagerness as a Vulture stoops to his Prey, laid violent hands upon the Money, returning a Thousand Thanks to his wife's Sicknes,

that

at had nipp'd out of her Conscience so  
a Discovery. Had this Woman dy'd  
at that time, she might have gone to Hea-  
ven as light as a Feather; but she recove-  
red, and let her take a care her VVorldly  
VVisdom do not hang a Clog at her Heels  
the next time. However, the Husband  
had the pleasure of handling the Money  
and he cry'd, VVell fare a Sick wife. And  
dare be bold to say, had other Men the  
same good fortune, they would never com-  
plain of Sick VVives; if they do, may their  
VVives die rich, and haun't 'em when they  
are dead.

*XV. The Man falls Sick, and Dies: Upon  
which, the Woman sets up for a Widow,  
pricking out her self to the best advantage,  
to get her another Husband.*

**B**ut now the Tide is turn'd; the Man  
lies sick a Bed; and the VVife is up,  
and Lusty. Now the Question is, whe-  
ther a Man at such a time as this would ra-  
ther choose to have a Loving, Compassio-  
nate, Honing, Bemoaning wife; or, a  
Careless, Negligent, Hoity-toity. There  
is much to be said in this case; tho if Tully  
were alive again, to write another Book  
de Senectute, he could never make it out,  
that

that an Old Man could be any pleasure to a Woman. All Men condemn Hypocritie in one another: And why should it not be blam'd in Women as well? You read how the *Ephesian Matron* Wept, and Whin'd, and Pin'd, and Fasted, and Mourn'd over her dead Husband; and yet after all, she lent his Body to the Souldier that had Solac'd her in the height of her Sorrows, to hang up in the Room of an Executed Offender, to save her new Paramour from being Nail'd up in his place. Was not this a Cursed Hypocrite of a woman, d'ye think? Had she not better have wash'd away grief from her heart; and concluded her Lamentations with a few Tears dropt over a Bowl of Punch? Your Hypocrite Wife seems a Woman Loving, Dutifull, Indulgent, always Lamenting her husband's Departure, always VVringing her Hands, Grieving, Sighing, VVeeping, Blabbering, Sobbing, and crying out, VVhat shall poor I do? VVhat shall these poor Orphans do, if God take thee away, my only Joy, their only Comfort and Support in this life? And then they all fall a howling, and there be a Baker's Dozen of 'em, like so many young Puppies shur'd out of doors in a Frosty Night.

And

These

These Fondnesses strike so piercingly to his heart that the Gout and Stone are but the Strings of a Flea to the Agonies of his mind, to think he must leave such a dear wife. These are but the Lullabies of *Satan*, that rock him a sleep in the Cradle of Affliction, into a carelessness of his future Being, and cause such a dissipation of his heavenly Thoughts, that the poor besotted Sinner pours down all the Caudles, and Amber-Grease Posssets, that his kind wife can bring him; swallows whole Ounces at a time of Syrup of Marsh-Mallows, and Oil of Sweet Almonds to prolong his Aches and his Misery. Dispatches away his Billets to Church for the Prayers of the Congregation—sends for the Parson of the Parish to read him the Story of *Hezekiah*; sends for the Doctor, and with a faint voice, cries to him, *Is there no Cure?* have all the Druggs and Herbs lost their virtue?

Then the wife taking her cue; For heavens sake Doctor (quo she) do what lies in your Power——my self and these poor Orphans shall be bound to pray for you as long as we live——Never had I a more kind and tender husband——Never had children a more careful

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and



and Indulgent Father, I'm sure——Then 'tis the man's turn——Ay——Wife indeed thou hast been always to me a dear and loving wife——and my Children, I bless God for't, have been always dutiful and obedient Children, and I would fain live a little longer methinks to see 'em grow up, and well dispos'd of in the world, if the *Land* saw it fit. And thus these Dialogues of Lamentation, do so mollifie the Sick man's heart, that Death at length, surprizes him altogether unrepentant.

The other is a woman that never comes near him, never takes any care of him; but cries among her Gossips, would the old Rogues heart were cold, I'd quickly have another——This woman is a woman of the old world——she speaks as she thinks——If plain Dealing be a Jewel, you may be sure she is one. She never comes at him; and why is that? because she would give him all the Opportunity she can to Employ his thoughts in heavenly and Seasonable Meditations. She knows that Misery and Sicknes many times carry a man to heaven, when health and Prosperity makes him neglect the care of his Souls health. But she will neither come at him her self, nor let any body else. She does wisely, let him lie there and Groan  
by

by himself——Pain brings him to Meditation, and Meditation prepares him to make his peace with heaven. 'Tis the Fashion of the world, when men are departing this Life, to leave them to themselves. How many people had *William* the Conqueror with him, when he lay speechless? how many had the Emperor *Charles* the V. when he lay dying? And indeed is it not better for a man to die quietly, taking time and solitary Leisure, than to be pester'd with continual visits; and to have his Family *Tombelling* over the panting Bellows of his Life, distracting him with their Yellowing and howling, when he is going to Sleep!

Let all the women in the world say what they please, there's none of 'em shall persuade any man of reason, that it can be a pleasure to any woman to lie by a man that will never let her take her rest, for Coughing, Spitting, Spawling, Groaning, Grunting, and withall perfuming her Nostrils with the poisonous steams of a Charnel-house breath.

Most gentelely therefore did the Gentlewoman do, who when she saw her husband lay a dying, beyond all recovery of Drops and Spirits of *Bezoar*, and that the Doctors had given him over, and that as

the old Nurses Phrase it, he began to change, taking a Glas of Wine off the Side-board; *Here, Sweet-heart,* (quo she) *here's to ye, I wish ye a good passage.* Certainly it shew'd this Gentlewoman had no Malice in her heart, when she desired to part so fairly.

And who knows what reason the *Baker's* Wife might have for what she did, who when her husband was dead; sent for the Sexton, and ask'd him how deep he usually digg'd his Graves? So deep (replyed the Sexton) then (quo she) make my husbands Grave so many Foot deeper: and then shewing him a hugeous Timber Logg that she had in the house; be sure (quo she) you lay this Timber Logg upon his Coffin, and ram in the earth as hard as you can after it. Perhaps, when he was alive, he was wont to rise the wrong way in his sleep, and his wife was resolv'd to prevent his rising after he was dead. 'Tis a hundred pound to a Red-Herring, if this were not the reason, she had some other as good or better.

But when the husband is dead, what then? why then the Widow must be allow'd to keep her Chamber, darken her Room, and keep out the very Sun, as having got an ill Name for being a *Tell-Tale*; she must admit none but her most trusty Friends, who  
come

come to chear up her heart with Sack and Sugar, and tickle her Fancy with Proposals of a new choice; but if any Stranger come in, then she must sit with a Compos'd Countenance, and as mute as if her husband had taken her Tongue along with him. Then she must put her self into decent Mourning, wear a Peak, vow and protest she'll never marry again, and then give out———give out? you'll say, what's that? so much in Jewels, so much in Plate, so much in ready Cash, and so much in good Debts———that's call'd *giving out*. If she be a person of Quality, then the Body must lie in State, and four or five *Mompazzards*, or *Jack-hold my Staffs* must stand in their Long Sable Cloaks to watch, lest the Devil fetch away poor *Morinus est* before they can bury him. Then let there be a pompous Funeral with Scutcheons, and then she shall bear the Appellation of the RICH VV. I. DO VV.

These may be called the pleasures of losing a husband. And what then? VVhy, by this time the Remembrance of her first husband begins to wear out of her Memory; and she begins to set up for *Widow Catchdolt*. And thus the Game begins: She takes fair Lodgings, and a cunning

wench to her Servant. The Mistress talks at the rate of a Thousand a year, the Maid at two Thousand. The Mistress shews her self every day at Morning Prayers : She pretends to fast that day of the week that her husband died ; that's to shew her good Nature , and respect to her Deceased husband. The Maid *Madams* her at every word ; and in all her discourse with the Servants of the house, talks of nothing but what great matches her Mistress might have had, and what a good condition'd *saucy* thrifty woman she is—— There is but one thing vexes her, that her Mistress sends her about to her Attornies and Sollicitors, upon so many Errands, that she has hardly time to mend her Stockins.

Now the noise of a Rich widow, flies about the Town, as swift as Fire-works upon a Rope ; she is quickly smelt out by young Fops, old Usurers, middle ag'd Bankrupts ; but she keeps 'em all at the staves end. At length she culls out one fit for her purpose ; and to him at first she shews some glimmerings of her Favour—— tells him she had never any thoughts of Marriage—— for indeed, what should she that had enough to live on of her own, free and uncontroul'd, thrust her self a-  
gain



gain under the yoke of Matrimony? — but he — seem'd to be a person of so much worth, that ~~she~~ <sup>he</sup> knew not what time and the Experience and Tryals of his Affection might produce. But the Gentleman is in haste, pushes on for consent, uses all his Rhetorick, tells her the very bottom of all his concerns — he! no not he, Heaven knows his heart; he does not Marry her for her Estate, but for the good Opinion he has of her Virtue — had she ne'r a Farthing in the world he would have her before all the women in Nature. And now she has him in her Noose. In the mean time the cunning Gipsie runs in Debt to the Mercer, the Linen Draper, the Lace woman, the Milliner, Taylor; taking her rounds through all the Quarters of the City, till she has got load enough upon her Back. At last having got her full Cargo, she begins to melt, and tells the young Fop that his Sedulity, his great Affection and Extraordinary Character she has heard of him, has quite won her heart. Away they go to Church and are Marry'd; and the next day after the VWedding, the poor Gentleman is Arrested, Action upon Action, VVrit upon VVrit; some debts he pays off, but finding 'em encrease like *Hydra's* Heads,

he betakes himself into *Alsatia*, and so her work's done; for she has got a Jointure, and that was what she aim'd at.

XVI. *A True and Accurate Description of Poor and Comfortless Wedlock.*

**H**itherto we have been talking of those that had either plentiful, or moderate Fortunes to begin the world withall, and if any thing render'd their Marriage uncomfortable, it was their own Folly or Prodigality. But d'ye think of people that will be marrying, when they have hardly Money enough to buy 'em a Pickl'd-Herring to their VVedding-Dinner? They are like to have a Comfortable State of it. The Dreggs of the *Mobile*, the prophane Vulgar; the Man cries, *Old Shoes or Hats*, and the woman, *Long Thread Laces two a Penny*; Beggars by Birth, and born to be no other as long as they live; and yet as needy as they are, they will be Encreasing and Multiplying, and find the way as well as those of Thousands a year, to have a numerous Stock of naked Brats; chargeable Blessings to those who have hardly where-with-all to feed themselves; and yet most commonly they are more productive, than Ladies of Quality. One trudges about

hour the Streets crying *Bellows to mend*; another with his Ass and himself goes all the Day long from Door to Door to sell Vinegar; another sits all Day i<sup>n</sup> the Cold, selling Rotten Figs a *ha'penny* a pound, and yet when they come home a Nights, without the help of Sheets and warm Coverlets get Boys and Girls, as if they had whole Territories at command; according to the *Dutch Proverb*, when a thing is done effectually, and to the purpose, *That is done, as Poor Men get Children*. Nay, suppose 'em to be a step higher, of the meaner sort of *Mechanicks*, that cut Tobacco, or carry the Milk-pail after their Wives; suppose him a stiffer of Buckram, or some poor Weaver; yet if any of these prove idle and careless in their Callings, the craving Stomach of the hungry young Infant will weary them into a Remembrance of their Paternal Duty, to provide for ther Offspring, since they were not so cautious to consider what they did before they went to Clicketting.

Thus the poor miserable Father, after a long days tedious Drudgery, having been toiling and moiling some hours before the Sun appeared in our Hemisphere, T drudging on till day-light had been shut in, at length comes home to give

Nature some refreshment. But instead of that he finds a Torment, far more pinching than his Poverty. Down he sits him at one end of the Room, munching the only Provision of his Cupboard, a piece of hard Cheese, and the remains of a course Brown-loaf; at the other end, which is not above three yards off, he beholds his disconsolate Wife, sitting like the picture of Ill-luck, or the deplorable prospect of Charity, with one Child sucking at her Breast, another in her Lap, a third wallowing upon the Floor, and a Fourth grasping her knees, bawling for Bread, crying for Drink, rubbing and yawling to be undrest, which requires no great pains (a charming piece of Musick to congratulate his Ears, a most ravishing Sound, enough to drive a Man out of his Wits, when he finds his repentance too late;) and thus you'll say the poor Man and the poor Woman have their heads and their hearts full. God help 'em, the Man rocks the Cradle, and the Woman deals her miserable Doles to the craving Bantlings; and all little enough to satisfy the restless hunger of growing Stomachs.

This is a sad manner of Living 'tis true, and therefore you think the Man repents him of his Bargain. But alas, he knows

no better, and Custom is a second Nature. He is as contented with his hardship, as a Duke with all his Pomp and Gallantry. There are Pleasures in Misery, Pleasures in Nastiness, Pleasures in Poverty, more than in all the Wealth of *Crasus*. This Man is freed from the Persecutions of envy, malice and hatred, and should a Foreign Enemy Conquer the Land, he's but where he was. He fears neither Plundering nor Sequestrations; and then his Children in a few years are able to shift for themselves, like the Beasts of the Field. Should Cats and Sows, Coneys and Hares, require Estates to bring up their young ones, what vast Revenues ought they to have, that bring so many into the World at a Time. What says the Proverb? God never sends Months, but he provides Meat. *Romulus*, *Remus* and *Orson*, never troubled their Parents for Nurse-hire, new Coats, or first and second Shoes, and yet the two first built the *Mistress of the World*, and the other became a Famous Champion. So that it is not Poverty that makes Marriage unpleasant, but the uneasiness of Penury to those that are unable to bear it. *Romulus* But suppose the poor Man be sensible of his Condition, and that he begin to find poor Wedlock uncomfortable; what then? Why



Why then his Charges still increasing, and his pitifull Trade decaying, he takes heart a grace, and resolves for the future to live as merry a Life as he can, quite out of the Noise, to turn good Fellow, and frequent the Tippling-houses more, and his Calling less than ever.

Now what of all this? If the Man be but so Ingenious as to learn the true Knack of all *Fours*, he may get his Drink, and a Penny-roll too into the Bargain, and sit merry i' the Ale-house till the Bell-man cry *Past two a Clock, and a Star-light Morning*. But you'll say he must go home i' the Morning; at least, if he can't go he must reel home with emptiness in his Pocket: However his heart is light, and that's the main business of all. But then you'll say comes the Torment of Torments; for his Wife, a Domestick indeed, but a Creature sometimes as untamable as a Lyons, gives him a *Reveille* far lowder than a Morning Drum. Well *Tomas*, quo she, dost thou think I am able to endure this cursed Life? Hickup — quo he. Canst thou think that I will be thus confined at home with a parcell of Children about my Ears, without Bread or Drink to put in their Bellies — Hickup — quo he — while you are Roguing abroad all day and all

all night, with a company of Sots no better than your self——Hickup again——By my truly I am not able to bear it any longer——I'm resolved to go abroad too, and let who will provide for the Children——Peace Doll——Hickup again——quo he——I shall find out your haunts——and then I'll come and rout you, and your Pot Companions; see if I don't——Now, what of all this——The poor Man has washed away all Sorrow from his Liver; and what cares he for a little scolding? He's up betimes the next Morning, and so the World goes merrily with him; let home take care for it self; 'tis so poor and mean, 'tis not worth his Trouble. Or if he be a surly Fellow, & quarrellsome in his Drink, then he lays his brawny Arms upon her, and thumps her back for the misbehaviour of her Tongue. For the Vulgar of *England* are plaguy Learned; and know their Privilege by Creation, and the Law of Nature, as well as the Parson of the Parish.

And now the poor Man is become irrecoverably lost, he minds neither his Calling nor his home. He dotes upon all-Fours, to which he is so bewitched, that he Dreams of nothing but Jack and Up-permost, and for the Rest he cries, the Pa-  
rish.

*rish is bound to find us.* Or if he do work a little, 'tis onely to work himself into Credit in the Ale-house by now and then rubbing off the old Scores.

But now the poor Woman at home, seeing her self exposed to utter desolation, beyond the relief of Charity abroad; for the your poor Women are very miserable, yet they are very lazy, and hate work as they hate the Devil. They will not touch a Mop or rubbing Brush, unless they may be reinforced now and then with a Cup of good Ale; I say this lazy beggerly Queen seeing her self deserted by her Husband, resolves to be as good as her word, and to find him out if he be above Ground; and at last either by Information or Accident, for Women are mere Devils at Conjectures of this nature, she hits the scent and follows it so close, that in shes comes, with a *Where's my Husband?* Your Husband, quo the Woman o' the House, who's he? *Goodman such a One.* Oh! he's i' the *Fox*—and always is I think, quo his Wife: Away she goes, and enters in the Name of Legion. The Man, who thought of nothing less than such a surprise, sneaks up their Devil's books, and finding no other remedy calls in for a fresh Pot. But nothing more inflames her than to

to see some dirty Doxy tippling in the company. At her she lets fly whole Volleys of Jades Bitches, Whores, and would have been at her Quoir too, but that the Man prevented her. But seeing she cannot have her revenge that way, she sends a showre of Candlesticks, Black Pots, and Tobacco-Pipes at her Husband's head, who takes all patiently for the present, because the Peace is carefully kept by the standers by. Now what of all this? This is all natural, and where things run in a natural Course, never let a Man trouble himself to disturb the Order of Nature. Men of breeding love to live at quiet with their Wives: but the Rabble love this hoggish, brawling, brangling life of necessity. 'Tis the nature of some beasts that they cannot copulate without making a hideous noise, and what a sputtering, and spitting, and scratching, and biting, and growling and wailing do Cats keep in the height of their Careslesse. If Men and Women will be Beasts, who can help it? And if they will marry, they must be allowed their Conjugal delights as well as others. Should not poor People get Children and leave them to the Parish, what would become of one great Member of Charity; there would be no Foot Soldiers to be squandred away in War, Gentlemen

tlemen would want Foot-Boys (for 'tis impossible they should get sufficient for the whole Nation themselves.) The Merchants would want Car-men and Porters; and in a word, if these poor People were not bad Husbands the Hospitals would want Blew-coats, and the Plantations want People.

*XVII. Of Charms and Philters, what they are, and the wonderfull Effects wrought by*

**W**E are now come to a sort of People both Men and Women, that to satisfie their inflamed desires, make their Addresses to the Devil or his Ministers, which is the same thing, either for the Procuration of Affection; or to revenge themselves for the Scorns and Slights of those that refuse their Courtship; or to reinforce Nature, when exhausted by the Excess of Venereal Combats.

'Tis a hard matter to root out of the Minds of young People, what they have suck'd in with their Mother's Milk. So that you may sooner make them believe the Moon to be made of a Milk-bowl, than make them unbelieve those Fables which their Nurses instill into their Tender Breasts.

Tell



Tell Persons of this Humour, a little before they are going to be married, that you intend to prevent their sport upon the Wedding-night, by tying a knot upon their Cod-piece points, and the Fools bigotted to Enchantment shall receive such an Impression of the Enchantment in their minds that the Operation of their Fancies shall hinder the Operation of their Weapons.

Which happened to a certain Cooper that wrought at a Gentleman's House in the Country, who having told Tales of the Gentleman's Son to his Father, the unlucky Stripling to revenge himself of the Cooper who was to be Married in a short time, made him believe that he would knit his Cod-piece point upon his Wedding-night; bragging withall, what other strange things he could do. Which threats of the young Lad, who was look'd upon by the Cooper as a Scholar, and one that studied the black Art, made such a deep Impression in the Cooper's mind; that 'twas above a Month after the Wedding before he could Accomplish his Marriage. Sometimes he had a Desire, but then the Imagination of the Witch craft, cooled his courage as fast. So that his Wife, who was a brisk young Girl, finding her self so strangely disappointed in the first Fruits of her Conjugal duty, began

gan to have an Aversion for him, and in disdain of his Imbecillity, gave out that he was bewitched. Thereupon, the poor Cooper was frump'd, jear'd and his'd at by all his Companions in the Parish, insomuch, that he began to think the World was at an end with him; till the young Scholar making him sensible of the Infirmary of his Pate, rather than his Cod piece, restor'd him after twenty eight days Enchantment to his first Activity.

There are other trifles, which some folks, to make themselves sport, insinuate into the Brains of shallow-brain'd People; as when they prescribe the Leaves of *S. John's Wort* and *Rue*, gathered in the Night-time, to be sowed in a Linnen bag, with a Needle that has been used for the Shrouds of dead People, and hung about a young Virgin's Neck, with the Sinew of a Wolf to preserve her Maiden-head; or certain *Ephesian* Characters written with the Bloud of a *Bat*, and hung about the young Married Woman's Neck for the same purpose: of spitting three times in the Dust, or in the Woman's Bosom, and murmuring certain cramp Words, at the same time that the Priest pronounces the words, *Conjuncto vos*. On the other side, there are others that to prevent the force of these Enchantments

will

will direct the Persons so infatuated to grease the Door of the Nuptial Chamber, with the fat of a Wolf, or Black-Dog, or to tie the Testicles of a Cock to the Bed-Posts; or to strew Beans cut in halves in the Chamber; but these are all Idle Fables of Old Women, which they that believe, deserve to be coax'd out of their Money and their Wits too.

The same is to be said, as to the Impostures of Judicial Astrologers, who have as much Dominion over the Conjunctions of Men and Women, as over the Conjunctions of the Stars.

But as for Provocatives and Philters, Experience confirms the use of them to be more prevalent. *Circe* and *Medea* were Famous for those sort of Brewages, and *Mark Antony* found the good Effects of them by the Instructions of his Friend *Sorannus*; to satisfy the inordinate Desires of his Mistress *Cleopatra*. And the modern story of the Trades man, that went a dunning to the Lord, and received his payment in a lusty Mornings draught, sufficiently testify the virtue of those mixtures. How did *Livia* handle poor *Drusus* by the villanous cunning of that Emperick *Eudemus*? How did *Messalina* lie in Common, and bring poor *Claudius* to ruin, by the private help of *Vestius*

*Vestius Valentinus*, a most subtile Caterpillar of an Emperick. But if Men or VVomen will be too busie with these Potions, 'tis not the fault of Matrimony, but the folly of them that make too Excessive use of them, which brings them to untimely Repentance. Tho sometimes they may serve a Man in great stead, when having quarrelled with his VVife without a Cause, he desires Reconciliation. Then let him take a moderate Dose, and he shall find a double Pleasure, not onely Pleasures of Matrimony, but of the renewed Amity with his VVife.

And thus we have run through all the Pleasures of, in and about Matrimony, wherein, we find nothing that deserves so many loud Out-cries against it; so we cannot but look upon these Murmurers against it, to be onely such as care not for the Fetters of Ceremony; a loose sort of People, that reject all Laws of convenience, when repugnant to their own Appetites. And therefore since we cannot live without Matrimony, nor propagate the VVorld without it, we must look upon those who thus exclaim against it, and cry it down as the Enemies of Mankind.

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